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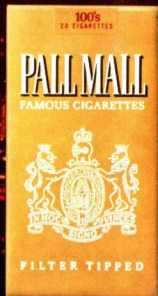
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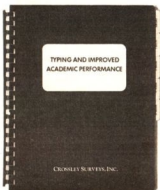
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BOSTON BUREAU CHIEF
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TIME went to the 31st Republican Convention with a squadron of editors, writers, correspondents and researchers. From the opening gavel on Monday to the oratorical wind-up on Thursday, we found ourselves in a Kansas City that was boiling—climatically and politically. Despite the heat, the noise and the crunch on the crowded floor, our staffers were everywhere in the Kemper Arena covering the most exciting G.O.P. gathering since 1964. Many of them are pictured here in action.

Ralph P. Davidson



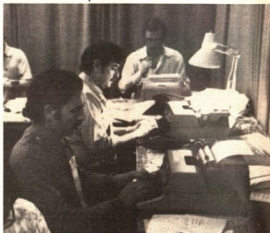
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It is not very often that we announce our plans for future coverage. Readers, we think, prefer to be surprised, and we enjoy the game ourselves. Every once in a while, however, we plan a cover story, a feature, an issue of such a special nature that we like to whet our readers' interest in advance. Thus we plan to publish, some time after Labor Day, a special issue on the resurgent American South. For several weeks TIME's editors have been planning the issue, and a task force of correspondents has fanned out in search of a new South, a region now undergoing a political, economic, social and cultural renaissance. To complement our staff reportage and analysis, we invite comments from readers for the issue's FORUM section. Tell us, whether you be Southerner or non-Southerner, what you find most interesting about the changing South. How would you describe its spirit and where do you think it is headed? Letters should be kept under 200 words and sent to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME

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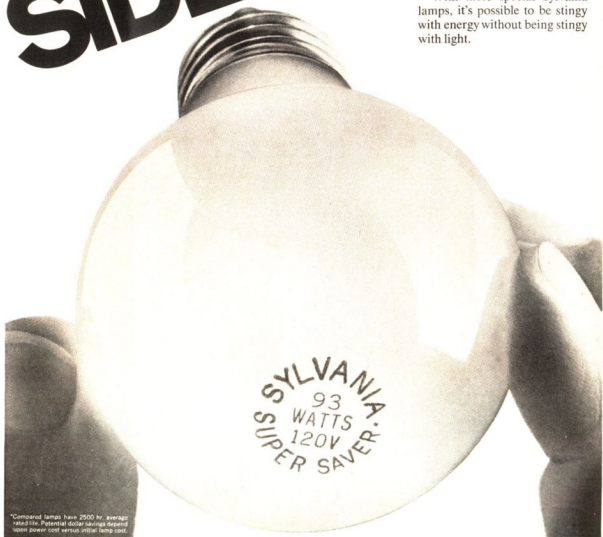
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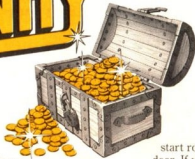
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Battle Lines in the G.O.P.

To the Editors:

The picture of President Ford on the cover [Aug. 9] was quite a welcome respite from the excruciation inflicted by the sight of Carter's hideous features. How will we ever bear looking at that face for four years?

Phillip A. Gowan
Brownwood, Texas

It's comforting to know that Mr. Ford insists that the vice-presidential nominee have the qualifications to be

Vice President of the United States. He criticized Mondale's record in the Senate as wild and irresponsible. In fact Mondale's record has been one of the best. In a longer period in the House, what in hell did Ford ever do? His record reads like a blank sheet of paper.

Charles H. Dorr
Milton, Wis.

After listening to the unity rhetoric of the Democrats, projecting a man-for-all-interests, and seeing the bland and/or conservative offerings of the double-dealing Republicans, all I can say is that it is time to welcome back the candidate of the people and once again "Get Clean for Gene."

Bill Hrick
London, Ont.



President. We would have been in much better shape had Mr. Nixon employed this same standard.

Dr. Jerome H. Manheim
Long Beach, Calif.

A lot of us U.S. citizens are nauseated and fed up with "windbag promises" by the various candidates in this Bicentennial year. Let's hope the year 2076 will show an improvement.

Edgar J. Van Beek
Allenton, Wis.

Jerry Ford came to us in a time that he had no control over. He has done a good job, but just think what this man could do with the American people behind him. He already has most foreign nations' respect.

Daniel L. Garcia
San Francisco

The Republican Party, from national to county level, supported an unelected President. How on earth Governor Reagan did so well with all the odds against him is a tribute to the man.

Margaret A. Tedrow
San Jose, Calif.

It is rather amusing to hear President Ford telling what a calamity it would be to have Senator Mondale as

the patients studied suffered from a lack of the protein and calories needed to keep them in reasonably good health.

Isn't it time that we insisted on nutritional education for our medical personnel and admitted that our highly refined diets leave much to be desired?

Tish Levee
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Saint Laurent's Pinch Off

Saint Laurent's new new look [Aug. 16] is an old old way to pinch off the prosperous pockets of the pudgy pink patrons of Park Avenue.

Karl Scharnweber
Amherst, N.Y.

What a desperate attempt to hide the beauty of the female body.

Jan Doyle
Hollywood

Designers beware: women want clothes soft, smart and sexy. Cossacks and Victorians we're not.

(Mrs.) Linda Smith
Highland, N.Y.

Imagine getting into a Volkswagen while wearing a Saint Laurent creation.

Ida S. Stierrett
Hamilton, Ohio

When I get dressed I don't want to look simply elegant. I want to look elegantly simple.

Anita A. Novak
Allentown, Pa.

Give me a shirt and jeans any day.

Mary Fay
Manhattan, Kans.

Tamale Trouble

I gagged at your reference to President Ford's attempt to eat an unwrapped tamale as gauche [Aug. 9]. Wrapped in dried corn shucks, Texas tamales are cooked in boiling liquid. The casing or wrapping has a paper-like texture which must be removed before eating the tamale. It would be more gauche to eat a wrapped tamale.

Martha Kahler
Cameron, Texas

From Layoff to Rat

In your glossary of southernisms [Aug. 2] we will have to learn in order to understand Candidate Carter, you omitted:

Rat: (adj.) Politically conservative; opposite of Layoff.

Donald H. Burnett
Portland, Ore.

Mahty fahn, Tahm, to know Jaw-juh's on yoah mahh.

Ann Goess
Vyanna, Austria

Grow up and accept our lovely drawl. Hopefully you'll be hearing lots more of it soon.

Anne W. Rittenberry
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

What Knowles Did Not Say

In his essay "The Struggle to Stay Healthy" [Aug. 9], Dr. John Knowles mentions the unmet nutritional needs of poor people. What he does not mention are the unmet nutritional needs of the majority of our population. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* recently printed a report of nutritional surveys revealing that almost half

Jekyll and Hyde School?

Hyde School [Aug. 9] challenges our two teen-agers to heights of which most kids only dream. It sings the spirit of which America is made. TIME neither saw the dream nor caught the spirit.

Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Y. Kelly
Bethesda, Md.

Mr. Gauld's humiliation and padding "philosophy" is just child abuse, with or without the parents' "tacit consent." The Hyde School and Mr. Gauld prescribe punishment and embarrassment for troubled children. What they need is love and encouragement.

Linda Flynn
Stamford, Conn.

Education? I doubt it. Martial training? Perhaps.

Reed Greene
Arlington, Texas

In three years at Hyde, my daughter has grown from a spoiled, rebellious teen-ager into an independent young woman of conscience and great promise. Humiliation is not "routine" at

Hyde; what is routine is to tell each student, "Your life is sacred, and what you do with it is very important."

Greg Carbone
Arlington, Va.

Guilt Shared

Re "Toddler with a Gun" [Aug. 9]: if we did not glorify gunplay on TV and if we refused to buy toy weapons for our children to confuse with the real thing, little Jeffery Krauch might still be alive today. No one was charged because too many shared the guilt.

(Mrs.) Alice Gyongy
Camp Hill, Pa.

There are many things potentially more dangerous in our American way of life than guns. My father at an early age killed his brother in a hunting accident, and I have been taught safety when handling guns. I have also been taught safety when driving a car, the most lethal weapon in America.

Marshall A. Lennie
LaGrande, Ore.

Elementary, My Dear TIME

In your article concerning the Chowchilla, Calif., kidnapping case, you state that after unearthing the tractor-trailer in which the children and bus driver were held captive, "investigators quickly traced it to the Palo Alto Transfer & Storage Co." How much tracing was necessary considering the fact that in bold letters across the front of the truck was written PALO ALTO TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY?

Richard Eastman
Louisville

Hemingway Dilemma

I seem to be in the same dilemma as your critic of Dr. Gregory Hemingway's book [July 26]. I would also like to know what type of person the author is. My reason is in some ways more provocative. Dr. Hemingway is my father. I haven't seen him for eight years. This seems a parallel to the fact that he was out of physical touch with my grandfather for ten painful (according to the book) years. I feel no bitterness toward my father, but I think it sad that I learn more about him by reading articles and gossip columns than from my own communication with him. I was truly moved by his book. I have longed to be with and to get to know him. I am admittedly hurt by his non-response. Perhaps someday I'll write a book about my relationship with my father, but I am afraid it will be even more slender than *A Personal Memoir's* 119 pages.

Lorian Hemingway Jaynes
Seattle

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AFTER PRESIDENT FORD & DOLE MAKE ACCEPTANCE SPEECHES, WINNERS & LOSERS MINGLE

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Aug. 30, 1976 Vol. 108, No. 9

TIME
THE CAMPAIGN

COMING OUT

It was a helluva convention. It will be a helluva campaign. Moreover, it will matter, for it will give the nation a clear-cut choice between opposing economic and social policies that will influence America's course for decades. The Republican Party came away with one more, possibly last chance to sell its programs to the country and avoid a later, fatal schism or the danger of fading into insignificance.

Certainly it was the most dramatic convention since the Republicans in 1952 chose Dwight Eisenhower over Robert Taft; indeed it was one of the most fascinating conventions of this century. As the G.O.P. assembled in Kansas City, a sitting President, albeit appointed as a result of Watergate, was facing revolt from the faithful in his own party. The battle was ideologically murky, for Gerald Ford and Challenger Ronald Reagan are both basically conservatives. In the damp Midwestern summer heat, Ford pleaded for support with a steady stream of delegates. He finally won this brawl on the precipice by a painfully close 1,187 to 1,070 votes. But even after that outcome was clear, nobody was certain how the conservative fundamentalists would take their hero's defeat and how enthusiastically they would back the President in the election.

Then, on the final night, the President in his acceptance speech performed at his strongest, appealing much of the party's inner anger and directing its passions toward the fight against the Democrats. It was the best speech Jer-

ry Ford ever made. He seemed transformed—vigorous, authoritative. He brought even the diehard Reaganites in the Texas delegation to their feet. For the first time, the hall previously turbulent with divisive cheerleading resounded in a unison of "We want Ford!"

The speech changed the atmosphere; but it would take much more than one platform triumph to turn the party around. The Republicans are still racked by divisions and face a tough, intelligent opponent, Jimmy Carter, who has come out of rural Georgia to lead a revitalized Democratic Party. While the Democrats were flaunting their new faces, the Republicans at the convention almost symbolically paraded such figures of yesteryear as Alf Landon, 88, and Barry Goldwater, 67, the badly defeated presidential candidates of 1936 and 1964. (Another face from the past, Movie Star Cary Grant, 72, made a relentlessly cute appearance to introduce Betty Ford.)

The fractious Republican Party faces a twofold dilemma: How can it reach out to the independents and Democrats it needs and still keep its own restive conservatives, who control so much of the party's machinery? Given the political realities, odds are heavily against the Republicans in November. But Ford does have a fighting chance, and the Democratic strategists know that Carter is no shoo-in.

The President managed to communicate this sense of optimism, however limited, and offer a foretaste of his campaign theme: a mixture of give 'em hell

and emphasizing the record of his Administration. He began forcefully and with a surprise, injecting a note that had not been in the text: "This year the issues are on our side, and I'm ready and eager to go before the American people and debate the issues face to face with Jimmy Carter." That unusual challenge from an incumbent to an opponent brought the audience to their feet for one of 65 ovations.

Throwing aside any remaining reticence about proclaiming his own accomplishments, Ford declared: "From August of 1974 to August of 1976, the record shows steady upward progress toward prosperity, peace and public trust. It is a record I am proud to run on." Where an underdog Harry Truman ran in 1948 against a "do-nothing Congress," Ford will take on "the vote-hungry, free-spending congressional majority [of Democrats]." The speech was essentially, though mutedly, conservative, an evocation of Eisenhower themes. "I see Americans who love their country for what it has been and what it must become. I see Americans who in their own quiet way pray for peace. My fellow Americans, I like what I see."

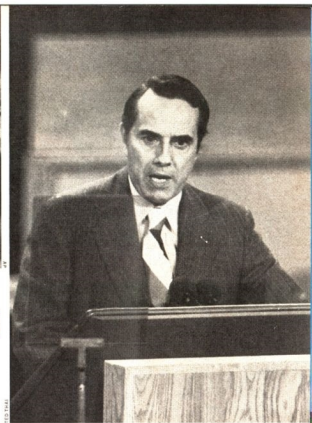
For all of his criticism of Democratic overpromising, Ford made some pledges of his own. He called for programs to reduce crime, improve health care for the elderly and provide for the needs of the poor. At the same time, he promised less Government, a fairer tax structure and a balanced budget. It was a pretty tall order—a com-



ON PODIUM AS CONVENTION ENDS WITH DISPLAY OF UNITY

THE NATION

SWINGING



bination of social compassion and fiscal conservatism.

After that, the Republicans emerged from Kansas City with at least a public display of unity. Ford's treatment of the defeated Reagan had much to do with the reconciliation. About an hour after he was nominated, Ford at 1:30 a.m. visited Reagan's suite, where the challenger promised to campaign for the President in the fall. Then, after his acceptance speech, Ford brought his opponent down to the podium to have the last word—a wise peacemaking gesture.

Ford's selection of Kansas Senator Robert Dole as his running mate also appeased the conservatives, but at the risk of exasperating many others in and out of the G.O.P. Some suspected that the Reaganites had all but forced the President to choose Dole—or someone else from the right. Actually, Ford had his own reasons for picking the Kansan.

Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott said that Ford had told him Dole would have strong appeal to the farm-belt of the Midwest and Plains states. His background as Republican National Committee Chairman from 1971 to 1973, added Ford, has given Dole an extraordinarily wide acquaintance with Republicans in all states. And he has been an able Congressman and Senator. U.N. Ambassador William Scranton added another reason: "He is an excellent campaigner of the type we need. The President is not the attacker type, but Bob can do that kind of campaigning." He also can be abrasive and slashing to opponents, though his sense of humor al-

leviates some of the sting. Cracks Minnesota Republican Chairman Chuck Slocum: "We've got righteous Jimmy, dull Walter and stuffy Jerry. Bob Dole will add some zip to the campaign and prevent it from being dull."

Many moderate and big-city Republicans were deeply distressed, thinking Dole is too conservative. Moreover, Dole is a crony of Ford's, a fellow Midwesterner with an almost identical ideology. By picking him, Ford appeared to be looking inward instead of reaching out as the G.O.P. must do. Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy believed that the selection of Dole compounds Ford's problem of winning in November. Said he: "If you are trying to reach voters in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and New England, where a lot of the people are, the question is: What can he contribute? How do you reach independents and Democrats with a former chairman of the Republican Party?"

The choice of Dole also signaled to many that the Republicans have written off most of the South to Jimmy Carter. If Ford meant to contest Carter on his home turf, he might more plausibly have picked Tennessee's Howard Baker or Texas' John Connally. Jimmy Carter expressed approval: "Senator Dole is an excellent choice. It would be very difficult for the Republicans to challenge me successfully in the South, and it may be that President Ford just decided not to try."

Can Carter-Mondale beat Ford-

Dole? The familiar arithmetic, according to the Gallup poll, is that only 22% of U.S. adults list themselves as Republicans, v. 46% as Democrats and 32% as independents. Last week Ford's minions trumpeted a new Gallup poll showing that Carter's lead over the President had narrowed by a remarkable ten points since late July. But Carter remains ahead by an impressive margin—56% to 33%.

Among his other problems, the President is burdened by Watergate; memories of Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon will surface often in the next ten weeks. In his keynote address, Baker tried to bury the issue by contending that the Republicans had faced up to it "with honor and dignity." And he carried the battle to the Democrats: "Since then, America has learned a lot about other political abuses in prior Democratic Administrations, and even in the present Democratic Congress—abuses of personal liberties, invasions of privacy and political mischief of the most shocking type. But there is one big difference. We faced ours, and in so doing, we raised the country's expectations for honorable government. But we are still waiting for the Democrats to face theirs."

Following tradition, the campaign will formally start on Labor Day. Confident of carrying the South, Carter will spend most of his time in the West, industrial Midwest and Northeast—particularly California, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Ohio. To shore up his campaign in the urban Northeast, Car-

THE NATION

ter has set up at his Atlanta headquarters an "ethnic desk" staffed by Terry Sunday, formerly a staffer at the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, and Victoria Mongiardo, a nun who used to work for the National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs.

Ford's advisers, meeting with him this week during a working vacation in Vail, Colo., also seem to have settled upon an overall "big state" strategy. Under this plan, Ford would concede the cotton South (Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina), and make a pass at the peripheral South (Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana). He would concentrate on the Midwest, notably six states that would give him a total of 104 electoral votes (needed to win: 270). They are: Mich-

igan (21), Ohio (25), Illinois (26), Indiana (13), Wisconsin (11) and Iowa (8). If he can put those together with California (45), Texas (26) and one or two of the large industrial states of the Northeast, then he might win. That would be something of a political miracle. The President could win Ohio, which has a strong Republican organization. Illinois may be the key state for both Carter and Ford. As Chicago Mayor Richard Daley likes to point out, no presidential candidate since Warren Harding in 1920 has been elected without carrying Illinois. There, as in Iowa and Wisconsin, Ford should be going against the odds. But he might do well in farm states like Kansas and Nebraska.

The West is Carter's weakest region and thus may be a promising target of

opportunity for Ford, even though he starts out far behind Carter in states like Texas and California. (The latest Field poll in California shows Carter ahead of Ford, 53% to 33%). In the Northeastern states, Ford prospects are obviously dim to dismal. He might carry Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Besides, as Massachusetts Congresswoman Margaret Heckler observes, "Neither party has chosen a ticket that has particular appeal [in the area]." Though states like Pennsylvania and New Jersey have overwhelming Democratic strength, Carter will have some trouble getting hold of the urban ethnic vote because of his Southern Baptist evangelism, middle-of-the-road stand on abortion, and appeal for blacks. But it is hard to see how such

Carter weaknesses can be translated into Ford majorities in these states. Still, as Proudhon once said, "The fecundity of the unexpected far exceeds the statesman's prudence." Jimmy Carter is himself part of a trend of political surprise in the U.S. One specter that haunts Carter's campaign strategists is that he could sweep the South by large margins, win a majority of the popular vote nationwide, and lose the election in the Electoral College because of some narrow victories by Ford in some Northern industrial states. Says Carter's campaign manager, Hamilton Jordan: "It's not a farfetched possibility at all."

In Ford's favor now is a variety of factors in the American psychology. On the whole, Americans have a greater sense of well-being than they have had in years. Despite the memories of Watergate and Viet Nam, at least a semblance of trust has returned. Ford can claim credit for restoring openness and candor to the White House. So the campaign may well focus upon the question of whom the voters trust more, Ford or Carter.

The outcome may depend almost entirely on how Carter campaigns and is understood in the next 2½ months. Carter is an unknown quantity, while Jerry Ford is not. Ford's best hope may be the air of stability and predictability that he projects, his sane and reliable image.

Carter succeeded in his astonishing run through the Democratic primaries by defeating a crowded field. Now he is one-on-one with Ford, and the techniques that succeeded for Carter before—the atmospherics of "decency," "love" and "trust" and "I'll never tell a lie"—will undoubtedly have to change. His

essential message in the primaries was very nearly spiritual, having much to do with American morale. In TV debate with Ford, he would have to be more specific.

Many voters in the primaries understood Carter to be fairly conservative; yet at the New York convention, he chose a deeply liberal running mate, Mondale, and virtually dictated many parts of a party platform considerably to the left of the Carter image.

Voters on Nov. 2 can make a very clear ideological choice—at least on the basis of the two parties' platforms. Examples:

THE ECONOMY: The Republicans want the economy to end deficit spending as a means of reducing unemployment. They reject wage-price controls and "make-work" public employment programs, favoring instead tax incentives for investment and relying on the private sector for new jobs. The Democrats want a strong domestic council to moderate wage and price increases by jawboning, and would link the minimum wage to the cost of living. Their platform also pledges the Government to take on necessary tax and spending measures to reduce adult unemployment to 3% within four years—the intent of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. It would be inflationary and a nightmare to enforce, but less so than before it was recently revised. Carter supports the bill, but has serious doubts about it; in particular, he is cool to the idea of public employment.

ABORTION: Republicans endorse "a constitutional amendment to restore protection of the right to life for unborn children." The Democrats oppose any such amendment.

SOCIAL SERVICES: The G.O.P. opposes a compulsory national health insurance program, but supports extending private insurance to cover all Americans for catastrophic illness. The party also opposes a guaranteed annual income. The Democrats favor a federally financed, comprehensive national health insurance program, and a plan for minimum-income guarantees for the poor and aged.

DEFENSE: Republicans want development of new missile-launching submarine forces and the B-1 bomber, and would increase the size of the armed services. The Democrats propose a reduction of from \$5 billion to \$7 billion in defense spending and would postpone any decision on production of the B-1 bomber until February 1977.

The Republican platform is, to a large extent, a Reagan manifesto to which the Ford forces acquiesced in the interests of party harmony. Still, about the only part of the platform that Ford will have trouble living with is the foreign policy plank's implied rebuke of détente with the Soviet Union. One large



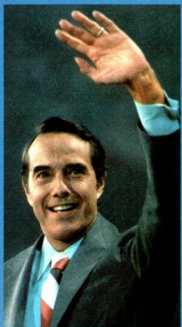
CARTER SITTING OUT THE G.O.P.'S BIG WEEK

gan (21), Ohio (25), Illinois (26), Indiana (13), Wisconsin (11) and Iowa (8). If he can put those together with California (45), Texas (26) and one or two of the large industrial states of the Northeast, then he might win. That would be something of a political miracle. The President could win Ohio, which has a strong Republican organization. Illinois may be the key state for both Carter and Ford. As Chicago Mayor Richard Daley likes to point out, no presidential candidate since Warren Harding in 1920 has been elected without carrying Illinois. There, as in Iowa and Wisconsin, Ford should be going against the odds. But he might do well in farm states like Kansas and Nebraska.

The West is Carter's weakest region and thus may be a promising target of



AP/WIDE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL PIERCE



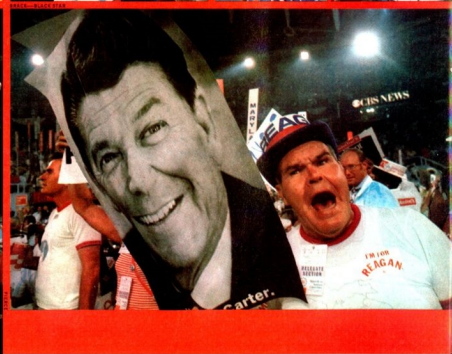
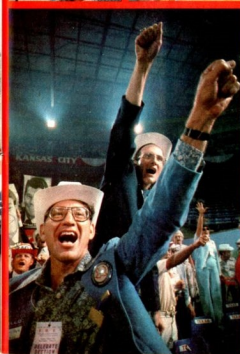
THE FINAL MOMENT, clockwise from top: on the last night, after their acceptance speeches, Ford and Dole join hands with wives at podium amidst falling balloons; also following speeches, Ronald Reagan, Ford, Dole and Betty Ford wave to delegates.

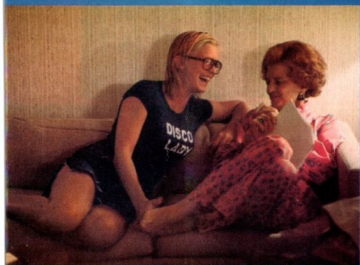
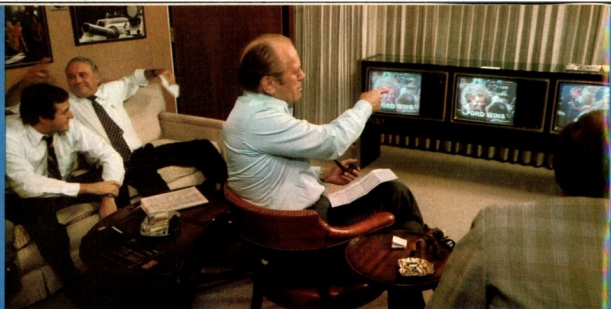


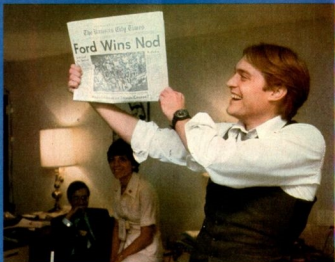
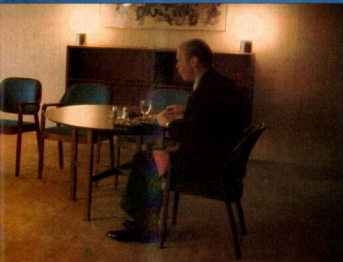
SCENES IN THE HALL, clockwise from top: the President's cheering supporters just after West Virginia vote put him over the top; delegates let the convention go to their heads; angry Reaganite, Texas yells for Reagan; horns blast during massive demonstration for Reagan; Son Michael kisses Betty Ford as nomination results are announced; Ford delegate from Illinois.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



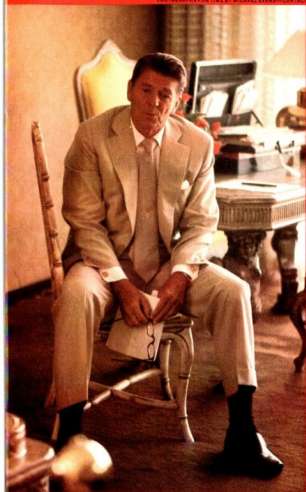




THE FORDS BACKSTAGE. In their Crown Center Suite, top: the President and his advisers watch his nomination on TV; Daughter Susan kisses Dad while Brother Steve looks on. Middle: Susan playfully tickles Mom's feet; Ford catches up on news and nourishment; Son Jack flaunts victory headline. Bottom: celebrating the nomination (from left: Daughter-in-Law Gayle, Ford, Betty, Children Michael, Susan and Steve, family friend); courting delegates by phone.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DIRCK HALBERTS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY MICHAEL ENNIS—CONTACT



REAGANS IN DEFEAT, clockwise from above: dejected Reagan in his hotel suite after hearing that convention voted down rule 16c; Nancy Reagan kisses husband on her return from a rally for him, while Senator Richard Schweiker visits; discarded placard signals the end; the Reagans acknowledge cheer from delegates on closing night.



question for the Ford campaign now is to what extent the Reagan forces are satisfied and will actively work for the ticket. William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review* and an ideological force behind the idea of a third-party breakaway, admitted last week at the Kansas City convention: "I don't think we're going to find many bolters in this hall."

This week in Chicago, the tiny right-wing American Independent Party will hold its own convention to nominate its choices for President and Vice President. The candidates include former Georgia Governor Lester Maddox and *Conservative Digest* Publisher Richard Viguerie. "It is now time for conservatives to file for divorce," says Viguerie. "Who needs the kind of victory where both parties support socialism—the Democrats by design and the Republicans by default?" The A.I.P. effort will not amount to very much. But it symbolizes the disgust of some Republicans with even the Ford-Dole ticket, which is almost as far to the right as two-party tolerances will bear these days.

Ford may benefit from another

splinter movement—the independent candidacy of Eugene McCarthy, whose name on the ballots of 16 states so far (he aims for at least 45 by Election Day) may drain off enough votes from Jimmy Carter to make a decisive difference. Some of Ford's campaign advisers have discussed the possibility of inducing wealthy Republicans to give money to McCarthy's campaign and thus encourage McCarthy's spoiler role. Since Ford intends to finance his campaign with \$25 million in federal election funds and can raise no more under the law, some Republican contributors may spend their money elsewhere, indirectly to assist the Ford-Dole ticket.

Now Ford and his advisers plan to move quickly to shake and upgrade the often lax leadership of the President's campaign and to get some of Reagan's sharpest aides on board. For many weeks, Ford's head-hunters have been discreetly inquiring about the abilities of various Reagan workers, and there have been quiet contacts between the two staffs.

At local levels in many states, where wounds from the primaries are still hurting, the switch of loyalties will be dif-

ficult—but necessary for Republican success. Reagan's Washington state chairman, Warren McPherson, warns that "west of the Rockies, Ford is going to lose every state if he doesn't set up new structures that incorporate the Reagan organizations in their entirety and on the basis of party."

In the weeks ahead, Ford will try to persuade tens of millions of people that he is a safer choice than Carter. Hammering again and again at last week's themes of peace, prosperity and personal trust, he will take credit for the restoration of integrity at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and condemn the follies at the other end. But to prevail in November, the man who heads the minority party will have to win the votes of farmers who are angered by his Administration's grain embargoes, of blue-collar workers who are sore about unemployment and of a lot of big-city dwellers who feel that Ford has not done well enough by them. If Ford can do that, then the most engrossing convention since 1952 may be followed by the biggest political upset since one of Ford's fighting heroes, Harry Truman, turned the trick in 1948.

The Debates Ahead

Not only will Gerald Ford debate Jimmy Carter, but Robert Dole and Walter Mondale are eager to debate each other as well. The Jerry and Jimmy, Bob and Fritz shows should do reasonably well in the ratings against the season's new TV programs; politics is once again becoming a major entertainment form, not to mention a kind of education. While the format has not yet been decided, Carter would prefer cross-examination of the candidates by reporters and an opportunity for each candidate to question the other. The debates will probably be similar to the crucial Nixon-Kennedy encounters in the 1960 presidential campaign, during which the candidates participated in four hour-long debates. Kennedy's performance gave his campaign its biggest boost.

From his home in Plains, Ga., last week, Carter immediately replied to Ford that he was more than willing to debate. Such encounters are not necessarily to Carter's advantage. At candidates' forums during the primaries, he seemed ill at ease, diffident and at times almost surly. Confined to a studio or auditorium and probed by hard-digging newsmen, he often fails to respond with enough decisiveness and precision, and his message blurs. He wins his votes out on the campaign trail, where he can appeal to people in a more personal way, less through what he says than how he



CANDIDATE KENNEDY MAKING POINT DURING THE 1960 NIXON-KENNEDY DEBATES

says it. In Ford, he will face an experienced debater whose skills were honed in clashes with Democrats during his years as minority leader in Congress.

Carter says he intends to keep his campaign on a high, issue-oriented level. He will emphasize the broad subjects that he concentrated on during the primaries: integrity, competence, the need for change. But he has also planned a series of speeches on specific issues drawn from a group of task forces under Atlanta Attorney Stuart Eizenstat. Carter will attack the "negativism" of the Ford Administration, especially the "human suffering" that he believes was caused by the President's many vetoes.

But Carter is also prepared to slog along the low road if he has to. He will probably disregard personal attacks unless the ticket seems in jeopardy; then

he may well punch back. "He knows how to play that game too," warns a senior aide. Carter has already spoken of the "Nixon-Ford Administration" and criticized the President for not taking sufficient "corrective action" to prevent future scandals. When a reporter suggested that such talk seemed to implicate the Ford Administration in unsavory practices, Carter replied: "So be it. It's not my fault that Nixon's unsavory."

For the most part, Mondale will respond to any attack by Dole. Carter has heard, he says, that Dole "is a very aggressive cage rattler." Is he worried that Dole's cage rattling may lead him to make mistakes during the campaign? Says Carter: "I spent four or five years dealing with Lester Maddox, and he's an expert. I think I can deal with that with equanimity."

THE CONVENTION

Instant Replay: How Ford Won It

For a full 44 minutes, the long plastic horns wailed and moaned in an ear-pounding salute to a doomed candidacy. "Sounds like an old cow who needs milk in 'em," scoffed one Mississippi delegate as Ronald Reagan's snake-dancing, banner-wagging backers gave vent to their frustrations. While one of the longest convention demonstrations in this century roiled about him in Kansas City's Kemper Arena, Minnesota's Bob Forsythe, a floor whip for Gerald Ford, remained unmoved. Said he: "We've got the votes and we're just waiting."

The sustained enthusiasm for Reagan had erupted as his name was placed in nomination at the Republican National Convention. The hundreds of red, green and blue horns wielded on the floor and in the galleries were meant to bellow the resistance of the Reaganites to the continued presidency of Ford. Yet they actually sounded a dirge. In effect if not in fact, the remarkable Reagan challenge had died the night before in a pivotal rules fight on which Reagan had gambled everything—and lost.

Both before and after the outcome had been determined, the exuberant, boisterous Republicans turned topsy-turvy their reputation for staidness. Through four noisy nights, partisans of the two candidates yelled approval, howled in dismay, even sobbed with the varying fortunes of their favorites. They hurled fortunes, tossed Frisbees, bounced multicolored beach balls in the brightly illuminated hall. Despite their intense divisions, personal hostilities were minimized. It was one of the liveliest and noisiest of political conventions—a sharp contrast to the Democrats' cozy picnic in New York City's Madison Square Garden.

The hoopla in the hall—a two-year-old \$23.2 million arena that looked like a giant white Styrofoam shoebox with Erector set scaffolding on the outside but had a clean, comfortable feeling on the inside—amounted to an exercise in psychological warfare. Augmented by the arena's crisp acoustics, Manny Harmon's Bicentennial Convention Orchestra (signaled from the podium by California's former actor and Senator, George Murphy, who resisted the urge to tap along) amplified and accented the roars of the delegates. As officials struggled to shorten the shouting matches, *God Bless America* gained a new distinction from the national anthem: it became a signal to sit down, rather than stand up.

Not even the two candidates' wives were spared in the atmosphere of supercharged competitiveness. The entrance of either Betty Ford or Nancy Reagan became a theatrical event, producing prolonged cheers and setting floodlights ablaze.

President Ford's forces, having looked unsure and inept for most of the grueling nine-month campaign, had pulled themselves together at the end. Superbly organized for the four-day convention, they stifled the last all-or-nothing Reagan effort to create emotional tides that might engulf Ford's slim delegate lead. The fight was over an intriguing yet relatively minor matter: the attempt by Reagan and his imaginative strategist, John Sears, to compel Ford to name his vice-presidential choice before the convention delegates voted on the top of the ticket. Once Ford had beaten back rules amendment 16c, the Reaganites had no fallback tactic. Ford's nomination as the Republican presidential candidate was assured.

Until the roll was called on the rules fight Tuesday night, no one could be certain that Ford would prevail. The wily Sears had set up the confrontation cleverly—first, the startling advance selection by Reagan of Pennsylvania's liberal Senator, Richard Schweiker, as his intended running mate; then the seemingly logical eleventh-hour argument: O.K., Mr. President, don't the delegates deserve to know your choice too before they vote? Ford's men dubbed 16c the "misery-loves-company" amendment, arguing that Sears was merely trying to force them into the same tight spot he had created for himself with the naming of Schweiker. In any case, both sides realized that the second spot on the ticket, while unquestionably important, had become an emotion-charged and exaggerated issue. Many of the more zealous Reagan supporters were outraged at the Schweiker move, considering it a betrayal of Reagan's professed conservative principles. Ford's backers knew that the vote on 16c could amount to a test of strength, and that losing it might start a stampede toward Reagan.

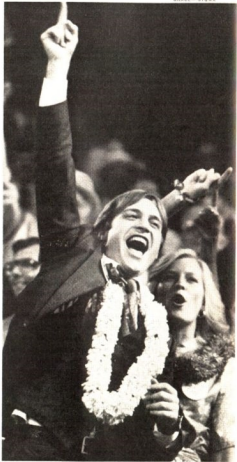
Much of the maneuvering by both camps in the first two days of the convention was intended to strengthen their forces for that showdown rules fight. Reagan spent hours wooing delegates in his suite at the Alameda Plaza Hotel and around the city. For his coaxing sessions, Ford enjoyed an incumbent's edge: he set up an office, adjacent to his \$350-a-day suite at the Crown Center Hotel, complete with presidential seal, American flag and photo displays showing him with his family and assorted world statesmen.

Despite the high-decibel clash of the partisans, the grim game of the tide-

turning rules fight was being plotted in whispered conferences on the convention floor and strategy sessions elsewhere. The Ford forces proved the more ready for the battle.

Michigan Senator Robert Griffin used his expertise as Republican whip in the Senate to set up a remarkably thorough and speedy floor network. From a seat in the Kansas delegation near the podium, he could pick up a white telephone and direct the work of three veteran head counters in the Ford command trailer outside the arena: Jim

ORACE—EYED



JACK & SUSAN FORD CHEER FOR DAD

Baker, Bill Timmons and Cliff White. The same phone would reach Congressman Bob Michel of Illinois, the G.O.P. whip in the House and Griffin's floor deputy for the convention. Michel was seated across the hall in the Tennessee delegation. Both could instantly reach twelve regional whips, wearing distinctive red caps—and all the regional whips could join in a conference call with Griffin and Michel at any moment. These whips, in turn, supervised state whips in the delegations. The entire phone system, like Reagan's, was "sweet" daily by technicians to prevent bugging.

THE NATION



WEST VIRGINIA GOVERNOR ARCH MOORE

ferred to as "the massage parlors."

The aim of the Griffin operation was to be able to canvass 2,259 delegates within ten minutes on any issue that might arise. Before the showdown on 16c, the Reagan staff tended to belittle the need for such an elaborate floor system. In delegate watching, scoffed Floor Whip David Keene, "it's not how many are doing the counting, but what they have to count." Although the Reagan men had their own command trailer, sky suite and regional whip system, the overworked John Sears not only was in charge of the entire floor operation but also kept close track of five key delegations from his command trailer: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maryland and Delaware. Some of the Reaganites had walkie-talkies too, but saw little need for them. Declared Reagan Deputy Keene about the Ford floaters: "All they're doing with those walk-

the erratic delegate switching they had seen on the issue in the previous two days. Settling into his front row seat, Griffin had a promising count on how balloting might go: 1,162 votes against the Reagan-backed amendment—32 more than the 1,130 needed to reject it. But his count included all of the unsteady Mississippi delegation's 30 votes, and if Mississippi did not deliver, the tiniest deviations elsewhere could mean that 16c might win approval.

Reagan piled up an early lead for 16c in his congenial Southern and Western territory, but there were a few pleasant surprises for Griffin in the head-of-the-alphabet states—here and there a vote more than expected. As the roll call continued, the long Ford-Reagan struggle in its final moments turned on odd combinations of delegates' personal whimsy, local political loyalties and the effectiveness of last-minute flattery and



ROCKEFELLER BRANDISHING HIS REPLACEMENT PHONE



FORD STRATEGIST HARRY DENT TALKING WITH DELEGATE COUNTER JAMES BAKER

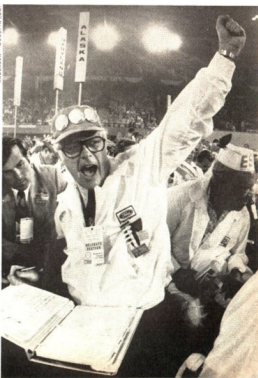
In the command trailer, the three key Ford men had six deputies; each was assigned to monitor two of the regions into which the floor had been divided. Also available for troubleshooting on the floor were seven "floaters" wearing yellow caps. If the phone system failed, the floaters and the men in the trailer had walkie-talkies to use. Since it was possible for each camp to eavesdrop on the other's radio channel, Griffin's men used code names. Ford was Tarzan; Betty was referred to as Jane, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller as Superman, Campaign Chairman Rogers Morton as Batman, Texas Senator John Tower as Cowboy.

In a "sky suite" overlooking the hall, which was similar to the elaborate network-television booths, John Tower supervised the delegate watching of three other political pros: Harry Dent, Bryce Harlow and Dean Burch. The sky suite was stocked with TV sets, sandwiches, fruit, cheese and drinks, soft and hard. Wavering delegates could instantly be invited into the suite for sales pitches, soft and hard—including phone calls from the President. Before long the Ford and Reagan sky suites were being re-

ie-talkies most of the time is talking to one another just to see if they're still there." And for other purposes too. One TIME correspondent overheard California Republican Chairman Paul Haerle cooing into his walkie-talkie: "Papa Bear to Mama Bear." When Haerle's wife Nola, also a Ford floater, responded from another part of the floor, he added: "Mama Bear, you're lookin' awful nice tonight."

Ford's preparations paid off. His partisans had the edge in the 30 minutes of debate allotted for 16c. Wisconsin's Dorann Gunderson pointed to the hypocrisy of the Reagan orators' contention that the delegates deserved 16c so they could participate in the Veep decision. "Not one delegate participated in Reagan's choice of Schweiker," she charged. Yet the Ford camp was guilty of deception in letting its 16c advocates argue that the rule would prevent Ford from asking Reagan to be his running mate. Ford had agreed earlier to meet with Reagan after the nomination, on Reagan's condition that the No. 2 spot not be offered to him.

As the momentous roll call was to begin, both camps were nervous about





"Richard Milhous who?"

reasoned argument. Highlights of the dramatic roll call:

ILLINOIS. Racked by delegate charges and countercharges that low-level operators in both camps had tried to "bribe" them for their votes, the delegation was in some turmoil. National Committeewoman Hope McCormick, a Ford backer, abstained. Reason: she had promised a California friend to support the former Governor on at least one vote. Ford Delegate William Stratton, the former Illinois Governor, abstained. Reason: he had been shoved around by the Secret Service when Ford talked to the delegation that day. Griffin's dep-

uty, Michel, was unable to appease him. 79 no, 20 yes, 2 abstain.

INDIANA. State Chairman Thomas Milligan learned that Earl Schmdel of Evansville, considered a likely Reagan vote, nevertheless admired Vice President Rockefeller. Milligan got on his phone to the Ford network. Rocky promptly rushed over to sit beside Schmdel. When the state's 27-to-27 split was announced, the state's Reagan chairman challenged it. Schmdel took the cigar from his mouth and announced proudly: "I voted with the Vice President."

KANSAS. Delegate Charles Hostet-

THE NATION

ter, who had been considered solidly for Ford, told Senator Robert Dole the day before the vote that he was "softening up" and ought to see the President. An audience was promptly arranged. "He wasn't soft," Dole later concluded. "He just wanted to see the President because everyone else was." 30 no, 4 yes.

MISSISSIPPI. A caucus vote on Tuesday showed that its 30 alternates and 30 delegates divided 31 to 28 against 16c (one member was absent). Thus, under the unit rule, Mississippi committed itself to casting all of its 30 votes for Ford's position. Reagan had dispatched cases of cold Coors beer to the delegation's Ramada Inn East in Independence to no avail. Ford had lost one vote when he invited nine Mississippians to see him at Crown Center but his staff failed to send a car to pick up Retired Colonel James Egger.

That vote, however, by no means ended the courting and currying, phoning and photographing, fawning over and flattering of the Mississippians, whose 30 delegate votes were equally critical to the following night's balloting for the presidential nomination. Tennessee Congressman Robin Beard had said earlier: "This is the only delegation I've seen that has its own make-up team." But scarcely 24 hours after the vital rules vote, the Mississippians decided to break the unit rule and cast 16 votes for Ford and 14 for Reagan.

The Making of a Fighting Speech

It is no mystery why Gerald Ford's acceptance speech was the best of his presidency and perhaps of his career. He and his staff had never worked harder on a speech or devoted more time to it. It was in a way a Fourth of July inspiration. Buoyed by the Bicentennial celebration, newly confident about his chances of winning a presidential term on his own, Ford on July 5 called for work to start on a fighting speech that would boldly confront the issues of his "accidental" presidency.

Robert Hartmann, White House Counsellor and chief speechwriter, was given the assignment of collecting basic ideas from Cabinet members, senior White House staffers, campaign advisers, friendly Senators and Congressmen and old political pals like Melvin Laird and Bryce Harlow. Once the suggestions were compiled, Hartmann went over them with the President, who meanwhile had been studying every presidential acceptance speech since 1948 and jotting down ideas of his own on a yellow notepad.

Hartmann and five speechwriters on his staff shaped the raw material into six separate drafts. Ford read these and underlined in red pencil the passages he liked best. Those he picked went back

into the typewriter and emerged as a new, amalgamated version. Only two copies were made—one for Ford, one for Hartmann—in order to prevent leaks and staff kibitzing.

Two weeks before the convention, Ford and Hartmann began meeting several hours every day to sharpen the

FORD WITH TV CONSULTANT DON PENNY



language and cast it to fit the President's oratorical style. Sentences were trimmed, syntax simplified, demanding rhetorical devices eliminated. On Sunday, Aug. 8, Hartmann spent a long working session with the President at Camp David.

One week before D-day ("Delivery" day), as Hartmann labeled it, Ford began practicing his presentation of the speech. First he read to an audience of three: Hartmann, his deputy Robert Orben and Media Consultant Don Penny, a former stand-up comic who played a key role in improving the President's pace and delivery. Then Ford started running through the speech before a camera connected to a video-tape recorder and played back the tape so that he could watch his own performance. His coaches managed to minimize some of his idiosyncrasies—stumbling over words, dropping his voice to a melodramatic hush inappropriate to the context, exaggerating rhetorical flourishes in a way that made them seem artificial.

The President took his video-tape unit to Kansas City to continue rehearsing right up to the beginning of the roll call of the states on Wednesday night. Practice made perfect—or almost. Concluded a satisfied Hartmann: "If he had two weeks to work on every speech, they'd all be that good."

THE WAGON THAT THINKS IT'S A SEDAN.

A wagon is spacious. A sedan is comfortable. The Toyota 5-Door Wagon thinks it's both. And it is.

The outside looks like a sporty wagon. The inside rides like our quality sedan. A quality wagon with sedan comfort. You got it. The Toyota Corona Wagon.



It's what a wagon should be. Roomy and well-built. It can handle 20 big bags of groceries with room to spare. With unit-body construction and welds instead of bolts, it's built to take punishment. The rear door is one-piece, flip-up design you can easily operate with one hand.

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The best of both worlds. The unique Toyota 2.2 litre, 20-R engine was specially designed to deliver all the power a wagon needs along with the gas mileage of an economy sedan.

Note: In 1976 EPA tests, with optional 5-speed overdrive transmission, 34 mpg highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will be lower. Automatic transmission available.



A quality wagon deserves quality service. And gets it from Toyota trained mechanics at any one of 1,000 dealers across the United States. Drive a Corona Wagon. See why we say, if you can find a better built wagon, buy it! Quality. You asked for it. You got it. Toyota.



YOU GOT IT.



THE TOYOTA CORONA WAGON

**“Everyone knows
Germany is my home.**

But did you know I have 99 homes away from home."

The Red Baron

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Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.

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The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

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The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.



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Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

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Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



**Tareyton is America's
best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, 100 mm. 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '76.

and all that—the appearances on the *Today* show, the chauffeured limousines, the personal calls from the President, the invitations to view the Tall Ships from the deck of the *Forrestal* and to dine in the White House—came to an end.

NEW YORK. The overwhelmed Reagan faction was born less out of ideological fervor than an intraparty clash between the state's imposing, egg-bald party chairman, Richard Rosenbaum, 45, and the pugnacious chairman of Brooklyn's G.O.P., George Clark, 35. Clark had seized upon the Reagan candidacy to vent his resentment of Rosenbaum's iron chancellorship and Rockefeller's tight paternal grip. The two leaders had fought first in Kansas over whether Clark could have a Reagan telephone on the floor, then over whether Reagan should be formally invited to address the whole delegation. Rosenbaum vetoed both ideas. Complained Reagan Delegate Vito Battista: "This is like the Gestapo."

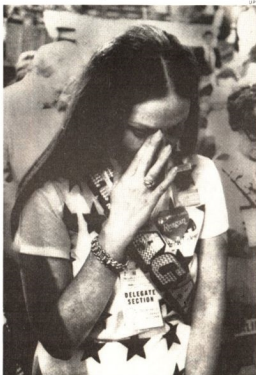
The state attracted excessive attention over an unseemly floor fuss in which Rocky grabbed a Reagan sign that he claimed North Carolina's Jack Bailey had been waving in his face. Utah Co-Chairman Douglas Bischoff (6 ft. 4 in.) intervened to get the poster back, but was challenged by Rosenbaum (6 ft. 1½ in.). Bischoff thereupon ripped Rocky's white Ford phone out of its moorings. Rosenbaum galloped after Bischoff, normally a mild-mannered optometrist, shouting to guards: "Arrest that man!" Bischoff was detained for an hour by the Secret Service. The phone was retrieved and Rocky, displaying less than vice-presidential dignity, held it high for all to see.

Voting belatedly, Florida's delegates split, 38 to 28, but that was enough to put Ford over the top. The 16c amendment was dead. From his control position on the floor, the normally soft-spoken Griffin shouted, "That dood it! That's it! That's it!" Final count: 1,180 no, 1,069 yes, 10 abstain.

A deeply disappointed John Sears sadly phoned his boss. Reagan asked sympathetically if there was anything he could do to help. "Well," Sears replied wryly, "if you could get me one of those tractors backed up to this trailer and drag it out of here, it would be a help." As Florida cast its vote, Ford, watching the televised roll call with two aides, Jack Marsh and Richard Cheney, Son Mike and Daughter-in-Law Gayle, said quietly, "I think that does it." He meant that he was now certain to be the Republican nominee.

For the victorious Ford team, only one irksome conflict remained. Al-

though it was 11 o'clock, the platform had yet to be approved. Reagan's saddened troops were still determined to add a self-styled "morality" amendment that not very obliquely assailed the Administration's foreign policy. The code words included praise for Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the dissident Soviet writer whom Ford had refused to invite to the White House; criticism of pursuing détente—a word that Ford had banned—without insisting on concurrent Soviet concessions; an attack on "secret agreements, hidden from our people"; and a reference to "Helsinki," where Ford had agreed to the 35-nation pact ratifying the postwar boundaries of Eastern Europe.



A REAGAN SUPPORTER WEEPS AFTER THE DEFEAT

Vice President Rockefeller and U.N. Ambassador William Scranton urged the Ford campaign advisers to oppose the amendment. "Nelson and I both thought it was very bad, an attack on the Nixon-Ford-Kissinger foreign policy," Scranton said. In a conference in the sky suite, Burch, Tower, Senators Hugh Scott and Roman Hruska tried to still the urge for more combat. They reasoned that Ford had just won the big test, he might well lose a second, there was no need to dilute the night's good work. Nearly alone, Rocky sought some softening language. The Reaganites were in no mood for compromise.

On the convention floor, the cool-headed Ford operatives prevailed. At one point, Reagan Aide Keene told a group of delegates that Ford's assent to letting the amendment pass would mean

he was "willing to humiliate the Secretary of State." With a Cheshire grin, Ford Floor Whip Tom Korologos whispered in Keene's ear: "We accept." Then he stuck a photo of Kissinger on Keene's back and walked away laughing. When the morality amendment was introduced, the Ford forces were content to allow its approval on a voice vote.

With that, the nervous Ford operatives could relax. Despite hints of hidden grenades, no real surprise had been sprung by the Reagan strategists. Griffin had not even had to use the store of white caps he had kept in reserve in case the Reaganites flooded the floor with red and yellow hats to confuse the Ford floor operation. Nor had the Reagan plotters

ever been able to unleash their "S.T.P." operation, in which any ruling from the chair that seemed unfair would be challenged by a "storm the podium" deluge of fist-waving protests and jeers, in an effort to turn the delegates against Ford's controlling convention officials.

Although the issues had been resolved, the delegates' spirit had not been squelched. Wednesday's session was so noisy that at one point Chairman John Rhodes growled in disgust: "You're sounding like a bunch of Democrats." Although the sentiment for Reagan among his backers needed little prompting, the big demonstration for him on nominating night was far from spontaneous. His delegates had been instructed to begin with "flags, sirens and horns," then, after two minutes, break into the chant "We need Reagan!" Texas and California delegations were to snake dance into the aisles two minutes later. At nine minutes the horns were to dominate the action. But it all went on much longer than planned.

Despite the din, the session was actually anticlimactic. Ford gained seven votes from the night before, winning, with little suspense, 1,187 to 1,070.

In his Crown Center suite, the President calmly checked off West Virginia—the state that put him over the top—on a tally sheet; then he accepted the handshakes of his aides in the room. "I guess we don't have to change the speech," Ford quipped to Media Consultant Don Penny.

Ford promptly traveled across midtown to speak to his defeated challenger. "Governor, it was a great fight," he said graciously as the two met in Reagan's hotel suite. "You've done some of your talents and your tremendous organization." The two retired for a private 30-minute meeting at which they discussed the vice presidential candidates. Reagan had been deadly serious

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all along in his repeated vow that he would not accept the post if offered it.

By the time Thursday rolled around, many of the conventiongoers were thoroughly worn out. "I'm so tired fightin'," said Mississippi Delegate Malcolm Mabry. "I just wish someone would ring the bell." Yet Gerald Ford managed to recharge the delegates.

It was, fittingly, one of the President's finest hours. The ovation that greeted his appearance on the podium carried a rousing ring of enthusiasm. Speaking with unaccustomed fervor and a punchy delivery, the President effectively assailed, by biting implication, his Democratic opponent, Jimmy Carter. "We will build on performance, not promises; experience, not expediency; real progress instead of mysterious plans to be revealed in some dim and distant future." At another point he jabbed: "My record is one of specifics, not smiles."

While Ford harshly attacked the Congress that either "won't act" or acts wrongly when it does, he also cited it to legitimize his presidency. "I have been called an unelected President, an accidental President," he noted. Yet he had been confirmed for the vice presidency, he pointed out, by votes of 387 to 35 in the House and 92 to 3 in the Senate. "Having become Vice President and President without expecting or seeking either, I have a special feeling toward these high offices. To me, the presidency and the vice presidency were not prizes to be won, but a duty to be done."

In a speech that sounded much better than it reads, Ford directly addressed his large television audience: "You are the people who pay the taxes and obey the laws. You are the people who make our system work. It is from your ranks that I come, and on your side I stand." Again, quite personally, he predicted about the election: "The American people are going to say that night, 'Jerry, you've done a good job. Keep right on doing it.'"

After his speech, Ford motioned to his vanquished foe in the guest galleries to join him and Betty on the podium. When Reagan and Nancy had entered the hall earlier to a resounding ovation, there were rhythmic cries of "Speech! Speech! Speech!" Invited to the podium by Chairman Rhodes, Reagan initially declined. "This is someone else's night," he said to friends. But now he responded to Ford's beckoning. As he moved through the packed arena with Nancy, then took the microphone at Ford's bidding, the eyes of many delegates shimmered with tears.

Reagan delivered a capsuled version of his intended acceptance speech. He warned in moving terms of the erosion of liberty in the world, the dangers of nuclear annihilation and the need for America to lead the fight against both. Not once did he laud his party's newly nominated candidate for President.



DOLE & FORD HUDDLING BEFORE THE TEAM IS ANNOUNCED

THE V.P. CANDIDATE

The Dole Decision

In his selection of Robert Dole as his running mate, Gerald Ford accomplished a tour de force of political theater: he surprised almost everyone (Dole included), and offended almost no one in the party's mainstream. Liberals in general and some moderate Republicans were disappointed by the choice. But even they acknowledged that Ford's problem was choosing someone who would appease the Reaganites without blatantly antagonizing other Republicans. Thus, once Ford unveiled his choice, politicians who only hours before had been touting "short lists" on which Dole's name did not even appear, began ticking off reasons why he made sense for the No. 2 spot.

It was exactly the sort of move with which the President was hoping to cap his nomination, and he prepared for it with a deft combination of openness and secrecy: he was demonstrably open to advice, but extremely secretive about his thinking as it evolved. As a Ford aide put it, in splendidly technocratic jargon: "His decision-making process was one of maximum input, zero feedback."

The input was massive indeed. Virtually everyone on a political visit to the White House in recent months, or to the "Oval Office West" in Kansas City last week, had a plug or a blackball for some prospect. Ford's floor manager in Kansas City, Michigan Senator Robert Griffin, promoted Colleague Howard Baker (who, perhaps coincidentally, may be Griffin's chief competition for the Senate minority leader's job next January). The First Family had its preferences too. Betty Ford urged more than token consideration for Anne Armstrong. Son Jack liked a mayor, Pete Wilson of San Diego, and two Governors, Christopher ("Kit") Bond of Missouri and Dan Evans of Washington. Henry Kissinger

promoted a lame-duck incumbent, his former mentor Nelson Rockefeller. Of the Cabinet members, only Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz recommended Dole highly—because of the Kansan's popularity in the farm belt.

Three weeks ago, Ford sent letters soliciting the opinions of nearly 6,000 G.O.P. delegates, party leaders and officeholders. A week later, two dozen fatter letters went out from the White House with detailed legal, medical and financial questionnaires to an array of possibilities, ranging from Northeastern Liberal Elliot Richardson to Texas Conservative John Connally. The two dozen receiving the bulky envelopes were officially under presidential consideration.

Throughout the selection process,

FORD & REAGAN DISCUSSING TICKET



Ford was noncommittal. Pressure, such as that mounted by the anti-Connally movement, he ignored or rebuffed. Says White House Special Counsel Michael Duval: "The President doesn't like to be pushed. He reminds me of a gyroscope: if you whack it, it will come right back, but if you move it steadily in a direction that makes sense, it will stay."

Ford came to Kansas City with a list in mind—but not on paper—of about a dozen "semifinalists." Even after this nomination was in hand, Ford still seemed to be considering at least half a dozen candidates. These he sounded out with Reagan, who commented favorably on Dole and said William Ruckelshaus and Richardson were completely unacceptable. Said a Reagan associate: "If either of them had been chosen, we would have unleashed our troops." Ford also talked about his list with nine top advisers over coffee and nightcaps in his hotel suite until shortly after 5 a.m. the night of his nomination. The nine: Griffin, Rockefeller, White House Chief of Staff Richard Cheney, Texas Senator John Tower, Campaign Pollster Robert Teeter, Campaign Strategist Stuart Spencer, Counsellor John Marsh, former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Veteran G.O.P. Presidential Adviser Bryce Harlow. When the consultants adjourned, exhausted, they were still uncertain whether the President had made up his mind. Not until they reconvened four hours later did Ford's final choice emerge, and then only obliquely: in his questions, the President kept coming back to Dole.

According to a White House official, Dole was Ford's "first expressed as well as final choice," though some advisers may have erroneously thought that their preferences were at the top of the list. For instance, Griffin apparently believed that Baker was Ford's choice. But the President wanted a more slashing, hard-driving campaigner than Baker. Ford also concluded that Dole had the most assets of all the possible choices, even though advisers pointed out that the poignant circumstances of Dole's first marriage and divorce might be as much of a liability as the drinking problem of Baker's wife. After an hour, Ford was satisfied that Dole had a consensus of support in the group, and the decision was final. The first to be told of the choice—after Dole—was Reagan. Ford began zeroing in on Dole the week before the convention, but the only Administration insider who had a sense of how he was narrowing the field was Chief of Staff Cheney, his sole confidant on the decision. The tabulations of the party-wide popularity contest showed a cluster of obvious names near the top—Connally, Reagan, Baker, Richardson, Rockefeller—but no overwhelming stand-out whom the President could reject only at the risk of antagonizing the party.

In the end, according to advisers

who participated in the final stages of the selection process, Ford was persuaded by these considerations:

► Like Reagan, Dole is a conservative, but unlike Reagan, he is palatable to party moderates.

► Like Connally, he is a forceful campaigner, but unlike Connally, he is a longtime party stalwart apparently untainted by scandal.

► As a Midwesterner and a magnet for the farm vote, he can, Ford hopes, solidify the ticket's strength in those parts of the country where it stands the best chance. He may even be able to make inroads in the rural South.

► As a former party chairman, Dole won the gratitude of a broad spectrum of Republicans and has the support of the party machinery.

In the opinion of one man who was at the final meeting on the selection last Thursday morning, Ford also liked the idea that Dole was something of a dark horse. "You remember how the President used to talk about wanting to feel 'comfortable' with his 'guys,' his 'team'?" commented a close associate. "Well, in the final analysis, he just felt more comfortable with Bob Dole than with the others. Two years ago, when called upon to appoint a Vice President, his personal choice was Don Rumsfeld; his choice for the sake of the party was George Bush; but Rocky was the best man to bring the country together behind him. This time around he figures he's got all three in one." That remains to be seen. But at the very least, Ford is now in personal command of the party and its ticket.



DOLE'S EMOTIONAL HOMECOMING WITH PRESIDENT FORD IN RUSSELL, KANS.

Has Gun, Will Travel

Kansas Playwright William Inge might have written the script for the affair. The V.F.W. color guard lined up in the center of the street in front of the Art Nouveau county courthouse, hard by the Russell County farm bureau. The high school band was almost in tune as it entertained under the elm and locust trees. The ladies of the town grilled hot dogs and served potato chips and salad on paper plates. The sun was full and hot as the crowd of about 2,000 gathered to welcome back the local boy who was bringing to town the President of the U.S.

Suddenly the motorcade was there and Senator Robert Dole was moving easily through the crowd, introducing folks to Jerry Ford. When he finally made it up to the platform, Dole told how the President had called "and asked me if I would like to be on the ticket

with him. I thought about one second and said yes."

That drew a laugh —Bob Dole has always drawn laughs, even growing up in Russell—but later, unexpectedly, his mood changed abruptly. "You can come from a small town in America and you do not need wealth to succeed," he was saying. "If I have done anything, it was because of what you did for me..."

He was crying. His left hand stood up to wipe the tears away and he stood for a long moment, head bowed, unable to go on. He did not turn away from the crowd. Seated on the platform behind him, his mother, Bina Dole, his 21-year-old daughter Robin, Governor Robert Bennett and Ford stirred uncomfortably. Then Dole's old friends out front in the street began to clap. The President and the others rose to their feet, applauding. Slowly Dole regained his composure and went on, never alluding to the incident.

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Dole introduced the President as "a man I consider to be a friend of America, a friend of rural America, a friend of small-town America." When his turn came to speak, Ford vowed that his Administration would be a friend to the farmer in towns like Russell and states like Kansas. Then, as quickly as they had come, Ford and the Senator who was his surprise choice to share the Republican ticket with him were gone. But the campaign had begun.

Two days before he was chosen for the job, Senator Dole relaxed and chatted with a group of TIME editors and writers about the kind of man Ford should pick to run for Vice President. From his manner, Dole clearly indicated that he did not at all consider him-

as "a political Rip Van Winkle who awoke and started to attack Nixon," and he once dismissed former Attorney General Ramsey Clark as a "left-leaning marshmallow."

Dole is a politician so absorbed in his craft that his dedication—and travel—helped to break up his first marriage. He projects an impression of coiled-spring tautness. Indeed, he exudes so much vitality that new acquaintances usually do not notice the fact that his right arm is withered, the result of a devastating war wound, until they reach out to shake hands with him. (To avoid embarrassing anyone, Dole usually carries a pencil or a paper in his right hand so that a newcomer will not instinctively try to shake it upon being introduced.)

Back home in sun-scorched Russell, Kans. (pop. 5,400), where the Senator maintains a small, red brick house, the

(since razed) on the north side—the wrong side—of the arrow-straight Union Pacific tracks that cut through the geometric grid of tree-lined streets.

Doran Dole, the Senator's father, managed the Norris Grain Co. grain elevator and ran a small creamery, feed and seed business on the side. Bina Dole took in sewing to help out, and made many of the clothes for Robert, his brother Kenneth and his two sisters, Gloria and Jean. Recalls a neighbor: "The Doles just didn't have anything when the kids were growing up." To help out, Bob Dole jerked sodas after school at C.R. Dawson's for \$1 a day. Saturday afternoons he and his friends would take in the matinee at the Dream Theater, the only entertainment in town.

Growing up in this Andy Hardy world, Dole apparently never got in trouble; no one can remember him even



DOLE (RIGHT) & SIBLINGS (CA. 1930)

self to be the likely selection, but the man he described began to sound remarkably like Bob Dole. Ford's Veep, he said, should be helpful in the farm states. These would be critically important for the G.O.P.'s chances, the states where the Democrats' Walter Mondale—a Minnesota populist—would surely be making hay. The President's running mate should be able to help out with the party chores. And, Dole added, the man should be able and ready to do "some of the gunslinging."

In picking Bob Dole, 53, Ford signed on the most accomplished gunslinger in the party, a man who makes his points not with obliquity or the cement fist or leaden tongue of a Spiro Agnew, but with an acerbic wit that often leaves everyone but the victim laughing. Dole has characterized Senator Edmund Muskie



A FAMILY CHRISTMAS: NORMA JEAN, ROBERT, KENNY & GLORIA (1926)

news of Dole's selection caused a sensation. People gathered around the TV set in the Elks club and in the Ramada Inn to share in the excitement. To mark the occasion, Harold Elliott, Dole's high school basketball coach, took the clock off the living room wall and hung in its place an autographed picture of the Senator. Mrs. Carl Friesen, Dole's aunt, got out the family pictures and a folder of clippings she has been collecting for years. Mrs. Everett Dumlum felt she just had to do something to celebrate. "So," she says, "I baked a strawberry pie."

When Bob Dole was growing up in Russell on the flat plains of central-western Kansas, the town was enjoying an oil boom.

It had started in 1923, the year he was born, after the "Carrie Oswald" well came in. The good times lasted into the '30s, but they bypassed the Doles. The family lived in a tiny, white frame house

pulling a Halloween trick. He was a solid student, but his real promise seemed to be as an athlete who went out for track, football and basketball. "He was a marvelous physical specimen," remembers Coach Elliott, "about 175-185 and six feet two, and he was a competitor. If you told him to climb a wall, he'd climb a wall." George Baxter, the football coach, recalls that Dole "never competed in the easy track events. He went in for the 440 and 880." An end on the football team, Dole won a big game for the Russell Broncos by making an impossible catch on the last play and slogging down a muddy field to score, while the opposing coach threw his hat to the ground in disgust and jumped up and down on it.

Dole was planning to become a doctor but, in 1943, he left the University of Kansas during his sophomore year and enlisted in the Army. On April 14, 1945, Dole—a 21-year-old second lieu-

tenant—began leading an infantry platoon across the Po River in northern Italy. A burst of fire shattered his right shoulder and arm, damaged his left arm, broke five cervical vertebrae and destroyed a kidney. He lay for hours on the battlefield. "It was," he recalls, "sort of a long day."

Dole spent the next 39 months in hospitals. At first he lay imprisoned in a neck-to-waist cast. When it turned out that he needed a special operation, Chet Dawson, his old boss in the drugstore, started a drive that raised \$5,200 and sent him off to Chicago. Dole now has a right arm reconstructed in part from bone and muscle transplanted from his legs.

In 1948, near the end of his long and painful recovery, Dole met an occupational therapist named Phyllis Holden. Three months later, they were mar-

In 1960 Dole was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives by the thrifty, hardworking and innately conservative wheat farmers of the district that included Russell County. In all, Dole served four terms in the House, fighting for the farmers and opposing the social-reform programs of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, although he did vote for the landmark civil rights bills. Dole's witty and zealous partisanship caught the admiring eye of Jerry Ford, then the minority leader.

In 1968 Dole moved up to the Senate, taking the seat of Republican Frank Carlson, who was retiring. Willingly, even gleefully, the freshman Senator took on the job none of his senior Republican colleagues seemed to want: attacking the likes of Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie and J. William Fulbright when they criticized the new Republican President, Richard Nixon.

At one point, Dole surveyed the pride of Democratic Senators who had

him politically in conservative Kansas. Phyllis Dole had loved to campaign with him back home, when he was on the way up, but she disliked big-time politics. "I had a lot of fun stuffing envelopes and working with volunteers," she says now. "That's a lot better than being handed a schedule and told to go out alone and make a speech."

Phyllis Dole wanted to try to keep the marriage together a while longer, but the Senator wanted out. On Jan. 11, 1972, she agreed to a divorce, influenced in part by Dole's arguments that the unhappy marriage might harm the couple's only child, Robin, then a 17-year-old high school student. Now married



THE POLITICIAN, AGE TEN

ried. His wife still had to help tie his shoes and button his shirts when he enrolled in the University of Arizona. He graduated in 1949 with the help of credits he had accrued in the Army, the G.I. Bill, and his wife—who not only worked but also managed to take notes on his reading and write the exams that he dictated. In 1952 Dole got his law degree from Washburn University of Topeka.

In 1950, while still in law school, Dole was elected to a two-year term in the Kansas legislature—the first of eleven consecutive electoral victories. From 1953 to 1961 he served as Russell County attorney and developed his brisk, prosecutorial style. He was already a superb campaigner. In 1958 he had defeated Democrat Cliff Holland, who recalls how even his mother was converted into a fan by the eager and boyish charmer. Dole met Holland's mother once casually in a crowd, then 18 months later remembered her by name.



WITH HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL COACH

obvious aspirations to reach the White House and suggested that the Senate set aside a "presidential hour" every day that would be reserved for four groups: "First, those Senators who think they are President. Second, those who think they should have been President. Third, those who want to be President. And fourth, those who are willing to settle for Vice President."

As Nixon's gunslinger, Dole fought for the Administration's program virtually down the line: he supported the war in Viet Nam, helped lead the successful campaign to build the Safeguard antiballistic missile system (it won approval by one vote), and vainly endorsed the President's nomination of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court.

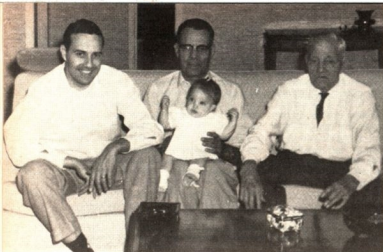
As Dole's career took on momentum, his family life was collapsing. Although he and his wife had been drawing apart for years, he had maintained the marriage—as he is frank to admit—out of fear that a divorce would harm



WITH HIS SISTERS (1945)

to Lon Buzick, a rancher and the Republican chairman in Lincoln County. Dole's former wife lives in Sylvan Grove, 40 miles from Russell. When Ford picked Dole, Mrs. Buzick made an attempt to hide her sarcasm. "He always goes for the top," she said, "and apparently, he makes it."

In the meantime, Dole had taken a job that could easily have brought about a quick end to his career: a good deal below the top. In January 1971, President Nixon showed his appreciation for Dole's one-man stands in the Senate by naming him Republican National Committee chairman, although Dole was still only two years into his freshman term.



DOLE (LEFT) WITH FATHER, DAUGHTER ROBIN & GRANDFATHER (1955)



CONGRESSMAN DOLE WITH FIRST WIFE PHYLLIS (1969)

Senator Barry Goldwater was delighted: "He's the first man we've had around here in a long time who will grab the other side by the hair and drag them down the hill." But William B. Saxbe, then a Republican Senator from Ohio and now U.S. Ambassador to India, complained that Dole's style was so offensive that he was "a hatchet man."

As Nixon had hoped, Dole worked hard to put some bite into the Republicans, strengthening the party apparatus and averaging a speech a day. But to his frustration, he discovered that he could not often get through the Praetorian Guard of the White House staff to see the President. In *The Making of the President 1972*, Theodore White recounts how Dole once got a call from a White House staffer who asked him if he wanted to see Nixon. "When?" Dole asked eagerly. Answer: "Tune in on Channel 9. He's coming up on the tube in ten minutes."

During the 1972 presidential campaign, Dole learned that he was to have nothing to do with the election of Nixon; the job was to be done by a new and oddly named group called the Commit-



WITH EISENHOWER IN 1958

tee for the Re-Election of the President. Dole got revenge, of sorts, by coining the acronym CREEP for the organization that was to become so infamous.

As it turned out, of course, the fact that he was so cut off from CREEP, Nixon and the White House saved Dole's political career after Watergate. He attacked the press for hounding Nixon on Watergate, but he apparently knew

nothing about the break-in that eventually was to drive Nixon to resign. Although he defended the President too long, Dole declared as early as May 18, 1973, that "Nixon appears to be hiding from the people, who really trust and like him very much." The Senator advised the President to come out of seclusion and meet openly with the public.

In January 1973, Nixon invited Dole to Camp David. The Senator had been forewarned that he was to be fired as party chairman, but the President was too embarrassed to get the words out. Finally Dole said that perhaps he should quit to give himself more time to prepare for his re-election campaign in 1974. Relieved, Nixon quickly agreed. Dole later said his dismissal was caused by "a faceless, nameless few in the White House... the gutless wonders who seem to take personal satisfaction in trying to do somebody in."

Dole had to use all of his political acumen—and his sharp elbows—during the 1974 Senate campaign against R. William R. Roy, a popular Democratic Congressman. In the early stages of the campaign, Roy succeeded in identifying Dole with Watergate and Nixon. Trailing 10 to 12 points in the polls, Dole began to fight. He sent his mother and daughter touring the wide-open spaces of western Kansas in a van, and the family team helped to offset any damage caused by his divorce. To fight the Watergate tag, Dole imported Connecticut's G.O.P. Senator Lowell Weicker—a member of Sam Ervin's committee—to stump for him. His most effective device was a TV commercial that showed a poster being obliterated by slung mud; gradually the mess dropped away and Dole's handsome face emerged.

The crucial—and most bitter—issue was abortion. Roy, a Catholic obstetrician, admitted that he had performed legal abortions; Dole took a strong stand against abortions. During the last days of the campaign, Kansas was flooded with anti-abortion literature that includ-

The Droll Dole

In his 16 years on Capitol Hill, Robert Dole has become known as one of the wittiest Republicans. His humor consists mainly of biting quips on a variety of subjects—often his own party.

On learning that Nixon had taped all his White House conversations: "Thank goodness whenever I was in the Oval Office, I only nodded."

On Nixon's offer of campaign help in 1974: "I haven't invited him to stump for me, but I wouldn't mind if Nixon flew over the state."

On authoring amendments: "In 1971 I introduced a resolution which Senator J. William Fulbright claimed he had already sponsored. 'Stealing a man's

amendment is like stealing his cow.' Fulbright complained. But I reminded him that it was National Dairy Week and I would never steal a man's cow during National Dairy Week. 'I just milked it a little,' I admitted."

On Government spending: "My home-town newspaper, the *Russell Record*, once reported on a conscientious Congressman who kept having a recurrent nightmare in which he dreams that all the money he is spending is his own."

On being a Republican: "A Republican has to have a sense of humor because there are so few of us."

On his last name: "I'm not a household word except in Hawaii... Dole is a four-letter word you can get used to."

On the presidency (in 1972): "When the President has a view and I have a view, we compromise and adopt his."

If you smoke.

We're not telling you anything you don't know when we acknowledge that a controversy about smoking exists.

And since we're in the business of selling cigarettes, you obviously know where we stand.

If you don't smoke, we're not about to persuade you to start. But if you do, we'd like to persuade you to try a cigarette you'll like more than the one you're smoking now.

We mean Vantage, of course.

Vantage gives you flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

That's a simple statement of truth.

We don't want you to misunderstand us. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy.

It's probably the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll enjoy smoking.

We just don't see the point in putting out a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you won't smoke it.

If you agree with us, we think you'll enjoy Vantage.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report APR. '76.



Don't let the people who want to break up the oil companies take you down the wrong road.

There are some people who say if the oil companies are broken up, the price of gasoline will go down.

It just isn't so.

Not only will the price of gasoline go up, but less domestic supply will be developed.

The more foreign oil we have to import, the more we're going to have to pay for our gasoline. And higher prices cause inflation and unemployment.

The most efficient and economical way we know of to get you the oil and gasoline you need is to let the oil companies like Texaco do the job that needs to be done.

So let's put an end to this nonsense of breaking up the oil companies.

Getting you the oil and gasoline you need is a big job. Doesn't it make more sense that a company like Texaco with all its resources and experience can do it better?

We're working to keep your trust.



ed graphic illustrations of dead fetuses. Dole has always insisted he had nothing to do with the material, which clearly hurt Roy. The Senator won—by only 13,500 votes out of nearly 800,000. The victory still embitters many Kansas Democrats. Curiously, although Dr. Roy flatly accuses Dole of distributing the literature, he says he bears him no hard feelings.

On December 6, 1975, after nearly four years as one of Washington's most eligible bachelors, Dole married Elizabeth Hanford, then 39, a softly beautiful North Carolinian who had been for years one of the most eagerly courted women in Washington. They live in an apartment at the Watergate. A Phi Beta

Federal Trade Commission. She tackled the job eagerly—too eagerly for Mississippi Congressman Sonny Montgomery, who was then squiring her around town. Says he: "If we were planning to go out and something came up at work, boy, forget going out." During this period, she spent a good deal of time lobbying on Capitol Hill, where she soon met Dole. Recalls one Senate staffer: "We always wondered why he'd dash off the floor so often, until we realized he was meeting Libby Hanford."

The Senator's wife has done her best to make the stodgy FTC more responsive to the needs of consumers. She has written orders prohibiting the Encyclopaedia Britannica from using fast-sell techniques, and stopping Chrysler from misrepresenting fuel-economy test results. "Elizabeth Dole," says Virginia Knauer, "is a deceptive package. Behind those

President. Not that she has any possibility of turning Dole into a liberal. "It would be a lot easier to vote for Betty and Libby," says one consumer advocate, "than Ford and Dole."

The consumer issue, in fact, is one of the few on which Dole and Ford differ. In 1975 the liberal Americans for Democratic Action gave Dole an approval rating of only 17%, while the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action placed him at 67%, and the National Farmers Union at 78%. In 1972, during his last full year in the House of Representatives Ford got respective ratings of 6%, 68% and 20% from the same three organizations.

Like the President, Dole opposes the Humphrey-Hawkins "full employment" bill as being unworkable and inflationary; he backs the Administration's defense policies, including the building of the B-1 bomber; he wants strong restrictions on the use of busing to integrate

GEORGE OLSON



DOLE'S 1975 WASHINGTON WEDDING

Kappa graduate of Duke University, Elizabeth Dole has both a law degree and a master's in education from Harvard. She began to work in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in 1966 during the Great Society years, then moved into consumer interests as an assistant to L.B.J.'s White House advisor, Betty Furness. When Nixon arrived in 1969, she stayed on to work in the same office, as the deputy to Virginia Knauer. Addressing a meeting of oil-company executives in Houston, she coolly excoriated them for not registering mechanics at their service stations.

In December 1973, Nixon named Elizabeth to a seven-year term on the



CANDIDATE'S DAUGHTER ROBIN & HIS MOTHER IN KANSAS CITY

good looks, there's a sharp, serious mind." Two years ago, TIME chose her as one of the nation's 200 leaders of the future (July 15, 1974).

Senator Dole has already had some influence on the FTC commissioner. "She was a Democrat; now she's an independent," he says. "This year she'll register as a Republican. She's moving in the right direction." There is some concern that Elizabeth Dole would violate federal conflict-of-interest laws if she campaigned for her husband. Both husband and wife are strong advocates of the Equal Rights Amendment, but if there is any question about the issue, she will resign her position.

For her part, Elizabeth Dole has also influenced her husband. Before they were married, she persuaded him to back legislation which would set up a Federal Consumer Protection Agency, a proposal opposed at that time by the

schools; and he endorses passage of a constitutional amendment giving states the right to set up their own abortion laws.

Dole did criticize Ford in 1974 for his "premature" pardon of Richard Nixon. The following year, he rapped the President for placing a two-month embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union. The President was responding to labor's charges that the deal would boost food prices in the U.S., but the ban infuriated Midwestern farmers who were eager to sell their bountiful crop to the Russians. In his acceptance speech—and again during his visit to Kansas with Dole—Ford vowed that there would be no more embargoes.

Ford's running mate also broke with the G.O.P. to form a curious partnership with Liberal George McGovern to get a bill through the Senate—the House is still considering its own measure

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—that would reform the food-stamp program by making the benefits more generous than those in the plan backed by the President. When he questioned a Department of Agriculture official about the Administration's tough food-stamp proposals, Dole was moved to ask: "Is there a burial allowance for those who starve?"

During his years in the House and Senate, Dole has been a special and persuasive advocate for the rights of the handicapped. At his suggestion, a sign-language expert stood behind him on the podium last week and interpreted

his speech attacking the Democrats. A blind woman also seconded his nomination.

Ford's choice of Dole as Republican Vice-Presidential candidate inspired assorted wordplays. Democratic wags began calling the pair "Dull and Dole." The New York Times headlined its editorial on the vice-presidential selection DOLEFUL NOMINATION, and on the facing page Columnist James Reston wrote about FORD'S DOLEFUL NEWS. There came the inevitable puns and jokes. Question: What do you get when you cross a Dole and a Ford? An-

swer: A pineapple that won't start.

The grim prospect is that throughout the campaign, this sort of thing will be doled out regularly. So will some pretty sharp political barbs. Vice-Presidential Candidate Dole, after all, is the same man who said in 1969 that he went to visit Disneyland—and found Mickey Mouse wearing a Spiro Agnew watch. In the weeks ahead, he is likely to save such putdowns for Democrats. With Dole matched against Walter Mondale—a penetrating wit himself—the 1976 presidential campaign should be anything but dull.

'I Hope We've Bottomed Out'

Just before he received the Republican vice-presidential nomination, Kansas Senator Robert Dole joined TIME's editors and other staff members for breakfast in Kansas City to talk about the President, the party and the coming campaign. Excerpts:

ON FORD AS A CAMPAIGNER. Jerry Ford's always been out helping someone else campaign. He's always had a safe district. Suddenly he's in the White House and still basically a Congressman, which isn't bad—I mean, you're more accessible. But all of a sudden he's in the big picture and running like a Congressman, still drawing for help on friends who represent districts, not states or regions. I just haven't met a person in the campaign yet that has a broad view. Also, with eight weeks to go, he has to be very aggressive. I don't know how you can do much else but go to Georgia the first day after the convention and work your way up. With him going to Vail for a week—that's 15% of it down the drain.

ON REFORMING THE FORD ORGANIZATION. Jerry Ford is a very decent, honest, open President. He just isn't the kind of guy to go around knocking heads together. But the President's got to do it. When you're 20 points behind in the polls, you have to take some risks, and I think one of those risks is that you have to risk offending a few people if you really are going to strengthen your organization. But you really have got to have somebody come in who's going to strengthen it, to add to it. I don't know what [Campaign Director] Rog Morton wants to do. But there is some talk of John Connally coming in, and [Budget Director] Jim Lynn's name has been tossed about. There's also been some talk about some of the Reagan people. I know President Ford wouldn't want to offend anyone, but he doesn't want to lose the election either.

ON CARTER'S VULNERABILITIES. His sensitivity. He says he's essentially a very sensitive person, and I think he is. Any time you say anything about him,

he responds. He better get ready because he may be down there playing softball, but we're going to be playing hardball pretty soon, and he's going to have to learn how to catch as well as pitch. He said that I was being very personal—I can't remember saying anything except that he was sort of a Southern-fried McGovern or Humphrey. Both Hubert and McGovern thought that was fine, as long as I mentioned their names. We don't intend to be personal; we'll keep this campaign on a lofty level. Jimmy Carter is afraid we're going to talk about the issues, and he doesn't want us to even know about them. Governor Carter is a mass of contradictions.

When we put out a little statement on the Democratic farm platform—really nothing—his farm director called a press conference and belabored me and [Agriculture Secretary Earl] Butz. Then I said they favored embargoes on grain and they came back and said they didn't favor embargoes. At least they were talking about embargoes. His position on 14B [the "right-to-work" section of the Taft-Hartley law] also is going to be interesting. He says one thing about 14B in one place and something else in another. Pretty soon nobody'll know who's for what. The next time he's asked, he'll probably say it's his shoe size. He's just all over the lot. That's the point we're trying to make.

ON GOVERNMENT PROGRAMS. The Democrats have the easy side of it and advocate more social programs, more outreach, more spending on people. If we take the initiative, we're shot down by our own troops. I think sometimes we overreact and seem to be sort of an anti-people party in some eyes. I don't know how you say no and still be acceptable. We say no and people turn away. We don't have to be that way. We don't have to go around the country saying farmers never had it so good. We can be sympathetic. They have had it better, and it doesn't do much good to say their net income is greater now than it was under the Democrats because you haven't cranked in inflation.

ON THE FARM VOTE. The thing that really hurts is that farm prices are declining. Farmers claim that the cost of producing wheat is \$3.50 per bu., and they're getting \$3. You can't feel kindly toward the Administration under those circumstances. Farmers for the most part are conservative and vote Republican, unless they're restless. [Walter] Mondale will be effective in farm areas. He's a very bright, articulate guy and has strong ties to the Farmers Union and the co-ops, and he'll go up and down the Midwest.

ON THE G.O.P.'S CHANCES IN '76. I think there surely is going to be a change after this week. We'll probably drop quickly to a 15% difference [in the polls]. That's within striking distance. I still believe that there's a basic underlying feeling here, that we're Republicans. And we're going to go out of here and elect a Republican President.

ON THE G.O.P.'S FUTURE. Some people in the party think that the best thing to do is let the Democrats have the White House for eight years or whatever. Then we can run against them. We don't add a lot to the party that way, but we don't lose a lot. But the party is already in mothballs, so we'd have to bury it some other place. But I hope we've sort of bottomed out. We do have some young Governors, and there are a lot of bright people in Congress. With all respect, Connally, Goldwater and Rockefeller are great men but they don't indicate any forward thrust in our party. We've got to start building from the bottom up instead of the top down. We're going to be talking between now and November 2nd about electing a President, and we have done that very well, but we haven't focused on House seats and Senate seats. Governors and state legislatures.

We certainly don't have organized labor on our side to take that task on for us, and the result is we just keep inching away. We blew a real opportunity in '72. We had the money and we had the opportunity but they spent it all on the presidential race. The new American majority they talked about was a real possibility, but that's gone, at least for the time being.

THE WIVES

Contest of the Queens

It was a battle in red and aqua, a regal contest between the strikingly handsome, radiantly smiling wives of the presidential candidates at either end of convention hall. By engaging in light-hearted maneuver, Nancy Reagan, queen of the north galleries, and Betty Ford, queen of the south, relieved the tense arithmetic of the delegate fight. In this spirited display of elegance, it was impossible to declare a winner.

Nancy made the first move. On opening night she appeared, a stunning study in red, in the glass-enclosed VIP booth high above the floor on the north end. Cheering her as a surrogate for her absent husband, Reagan supporters broke into a foot-stamping ovation that lasted more than 15 minutes. During the tumult Betty arrived, in an aqua dress, and took her seat in the front row above

competition had not always been a matter of song and dance. In interviews with *TIME* Correspondent Bonnie Angelo just before the nomination, there was an edge to the comments of both women.

SEEKING UNITY

Betty Ford is perplexed that her husband was so hotly challenged for the nomination. "Personally, I think it should have been uncontested. Jerry has done such a good job in the last two years. To fight is very bad, very bad for the party; it has built up animosities. The Democrats somehow always are able to go away from a convention and make up, join forces. The Republican Party has a history of 'if my man doesn't get it, I'm just going home and sit on my hands.'

enough. In some states we had nothing at all. I would go into some states, like Utah and Arizona, and find zilch. Naturally I found myself very frustrated."

Being First Lady delights Betty Ford. "In personal terms, we are spending more time together than ever before. Even when he's traveling, we are together." Though she lost her bid for Anne Armstrong for Vice President, she plans to continue to lobby for the ratification of ERA, as well as some kind of Social Security program for the nation's housewives, "just as if they worked in an office." Only half in fun, she says, "After I'm no longer First Lady, I'm going to lobby for a salary for this job. It has long hours and a lot of responsibility."

BURNETT—CONTACT



NANCY REAGAN ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS OF HER HUSBAND'S SUPPORTERS



FIRST LADY RESPONDING TO OVATION BY FORD BACKERS

the floor on the south end. But her arms-high greeting could not overwhelm the Reaganites' demonstration.

Betty prevailed on Tuesday, however, as the efficient Ford floor command passed the signal and delegates were ready with hundreds of Ford signs under their seats. Nancy arrived across the hall just before the 16c battle was joined. As she seemed to be gaining decibels in the audio clash, the band broke into TV Star Tony Orlando's hit song *Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree*. Betty turned to Orlando, who was visiting the Ford family's VIP gallery, and the two danced breezily in the aisle for a few moments. The crowd went wild. Nancy purportedly was spared the sight of her rival's triumph. "I'm nearsighted," she explained. "I couldn't see the other end of the hall."

During the primary campaign, the

We've got to have unity in the party. I don't know how it's going to be done. I'm trying to think of ways it can be done."

She feels that Reagan got as far as he did largely because "he is a good speaker, he comes across well on TV—after all, that was his trade. Reagan is an attractive and appealing man—I like him. Jerry Ford is not fluff; he knows the real meat-and-potatoes part." Betty is critical of Nancy's opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment. "I just think that when Nancy met Ronnie, that was it as far as her own life was concerned. She just fell apart at the seams."

Betty is equally outspoken about the flaws in the Ford campaign. "I don't know who's to blame—maybe the President himself. But they were not organized early enough and were not good

ities. But I would have it so that a First Lady can't collect unless she works."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

"It was just Ron and a handful of staff against the tremendous power of the other side," said Nancy somewhat defensively. Though her smoothly modulated voice never wavered, her hurt came through. "I've never known the White House to be used by either party the way it was in this campaign. The White House stands for something. I don't think it should be concerned about uncommitted delegates."

Nancy spoke wistfully of lost opportunities. It still rankles that the President delayed so long in restoring the federal matching funds for the candidates last spring. "Ronnie joined the

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Democratic National Committee to push for reinstatement of the funds. Every candidate joined in—except Mr. Ford. There are lots of things that, looking back, we might have done differently. Maybe if we'd stayed an extra day in Florida or had money to go into Ohio, where Ronnie got 45% of the vote without campaigning. But we had no money. No money." She keeps thinking about those 1,500 Democrats who cast write-in ballots for her husband in the New Hampshire primary; their votes did not count. "If they'd only registered as Republicans."

She still winces at the political rough-and-tumble. "When I first went into politics, I was constantly getting my feelings hurt. I'm better than I used to be, but if somebody knows a way to make it feel less painful I wish they'd tell me." She is also upset by her image as a homebody who defers to her husband. She takes pride, she insists, in speaking out on the issues, especially foreign policy. "I don't make speeches," she says. "Giving speeches is the way you get out of discussing issues. I answer questions wherever I go."

She has never grown accustomed to the lack of privacy. "I've always believed that when you are in public life, you are entitled to a private life. When somebody asks me a question that I feel is off base, I just say that I don't want to answer. They don't mind. They accept it. I don't blame them for trying."

Nancy seems reconciled to defeat. "We go back to a marvelous life. We go back to Ronnie being completely independent, resuming his radio programs, his writing, continuing to talk about the things he feels are important. He feels very strongly about things, and now he will be independent again."

REAGANS AT HOME IN PACIFIC PALISADES AFTER THEIR RETURN FROM KANSAS CITY

THE ALSO-RANS

The End of the Ride

As Ronald Reagan and Richard Schweiker sat side by side in the Governor's Kansas City hotel suite watching the presidential roll call, they looked almost as uncomfortable as they had three weeks before when they announced their partnership. There with them was TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian. His report:

Now freshly combed and suited up for a triumphal appearance they would never make, they still seemed an implausible pair. Ronald Reagan was surrounded by his gleaming staff of Californians, and so the anguish of the moment in which he finally lost the nomination was somewhat obscured. But Richard Schweiker was alone; without friends and sycophants, he showed his dismay.

The realization that the ticket was a bust had been evident to Schweiker for at least 24 hours. As soon as Gerald Ford won the vice-presidential rules fight the previous evening, Schweiker had telephoned Reagan with an offer to resign. It was shortly after midnight, and an aide told Schweiker the Governor had gone to sleep. Schweiker urged him to check the bedroom because he had something important to say. He was asked to wait until the next morning, and at breakfast he finally told Reagan, who quickly declined his offer to withdraw. "I'm not going to leave this convention with my tail between my legs," he told the Pennsylvanian, "and neither are you." But the disillusionment with Reagan that exploded when he chose Schweiker was there to the end. The pre-

vious afternoon a Northern Governor pleaded with Reagan to drop Schweiker from the ticket—with the Pennsylvania Senator sitting right beside them in the limousine. "I couldn't live with myself," Reagan answered him. Either way, it was clear the move had badly backfired: Reagan was unable to hold his support in the South, and Schweiker was unable to deliver additional delegates from the North. Reagan probably would have lost the nomination anyway, but in picking Schweiker he had taken the risk of destroying his own reputation.

For Reagan the danger of the decision had always been personal: that he would lose his cherished credibility. He had at first described the Schweiker move as a way to broaden the party's base for the fall campaign. Now, with the nomination decided, he explained the deal somewhat differently. "We were dead in the water," he conceded. "We had to get some motion, get some delegates."

In Reagan's suite on the last night, Schweiker seemed a rather forlorn figure. He gamely tried to laugh along with some of the inside staff jokes about the Reagan campaign just ended, but mostly he gazed silently into the TV screen. He and Reagan had little to say to each other; there was not a great deal more familiarity between the two men than when Schweiker's name was first proposed and Reagan did not even know who he was. It had been a ruinous mismatch.

Reagan seemed relaxed in a defeat he had been anticipating for at least a day. The fight was over, and he is not an ideologue who broods over lost causes. As one Ford speaker on TV praised the President's courage in doggedly saying no to the Congress, Reagan piped up: "Yeah, but when's he going to say no to that budget?" A reference to Ford's widespread popularity around the world brought another Reagan gibe. As the large states of New Jersey and Ohio sang out their tallies, Reagan indulged in some arguable hindsight: if only he had gone into a few of the larger Northern states, he said, he could have won them. When New York's Dick Rosenbaum, his bald, sunburned head rising above the crowd, belled out with obvious pleasure a huge majority for the President, Reagan tried to perk up the mood: "That guy is going to turn me against Kojak."

But it was the Pennsylvania tally that brought total silence to the room. When Schweiker's fellow Senator Hugh Scott proudly shouted 93 votes for Ford—more than anyone had anticipated—it was clear in the end that Schweiker had not delivered a single extra delegate from his home state. It was a deflating performance, and Reagan noted the moment. "That's the one that did it," he said. Muttered Schweiker defen-



Read this and cry.

Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large South American city. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.



The world is full of children like these who desperately need someone to care, like the family who sponsors Froilan.

It costs them \$15 a month, and it gives Froilan so very much. Now he eats regularly. He gets medical care. He goes to school. Froilan writes to his sponsors and they write to him. They share something very special.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children. But so many more need your help. Become a sponsor. You needn't send any money now—you can "meet" the child assigned to your care first. Just fill out and mail the coupon. You'll receive the child's photograph, background information, and detailed instructions on how to write to the child. If you wish to sponsor the child, simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. If not, return the photo and other materials so we may ask someone else to help.

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sively: "A lot of people took a walk."

Near the end of the roll call, as West Virginia put Ford over, Nancy Reagan reached her arm around her husband's neck and said loud enough for the dozen or so people in the room to hear: "I don't care, honey, we did what no one else ever did." There was a pause, and then Reagan thanked the staff for their hard work. "The long ride is over," he said quietly. When he turned his attention back to the screen, his chief aide Mike Deaver spoke from across the room and suggested the Governor might also want to thank Schweiker for all he had done. Reagan quickly realized the oversight and told Schweiker it had taken courage for him to join up. "Well," said Schweiker, looking grateful for any recognition, "the country is the loser."

Reagan got up to prepare himself for the President's arrival; both men had agreed two weeks earlier that no matter how it ended the winner would come in person to call on the loser. Another agreement that was reached that very afternoon: Ford would not raise the subject of Reagan's availability for the vice presidency at the meeting. Reagan wanted to maintain any leverage he could on Ford's final choice the next day. Schweiker was not invited to stay for the meeting and was

ushered out with the rest of the staff.

The next day Reagan's emotions began to show. He almost came to tears in a private appearance before the California delegation. Then a few minutes later—with Schweiker at his side—Reagan was downstairs in front of his workers. He spoke movingly of rejecting expediency and not compromising on principles. A nonparticipating observer could not help wondering about these appeals, for Reagan was standing right next to his most blatant expedient choice. "Don't get cynical," he told them, some of whom by now were crying. "Look at yourselves and realize there are millions of Americans out there who want it to be a shining city on a hill." Nancy Reagan began to weep openly and turned her back on the audience for several minutes until she regained control of herself.

Back in his suite, Reagan spoke about the future—and, as always, of his credibility. "I still consider myself a non-politician, no matter what people think of the Schweiker selection," he said. Now it seemed an almost absurd claim. "My concern through this whole thing," he went on, "has been to retain my credibility." Reagan thought he had done that, but others saw it differently. Said a longtime political supporter in California: "He's lost his place as the high priest of the right. After Schweiker, all

he can do is preach unity, not purity." Reagan intends to start up his preaching immediately; he will resume broadcasting his radio column the first of September. He plans to support Ford this fall and will pay no heed to the conservative third-party movement which meets this week in Chicago. "It may give some shelter to conservatives," he said, "but I don't believe in third parties on the eve of an election."

If the Republicans lose in November, however, Reagan wants to be active in any regrouping of the party. He believes this may demand a whole new approach, a coalition of different constituencies, perhaps even a new party name. He expects to be at the center of it. "I didn't compromise any of my principles," he said. "Look at that platform. It's pure Ronald Reagan."

But a platform whose planks would mostly be forgotten in the first few weeks of the campaign seemed like a small prize. No matter how rosy Reagan looked to his own future, he was finished as a large political power in the country. And no matter how much credit he and the others around him took for waging a campaign without compromise, they had fallen back on expediency—and it had not worked. Reagan had shown an opportunism that really had tarnished the glitter of the goal he so often invoked: his shining city on a hill.

WINNERS & LOSERS

Some Soared, Some Sank

As inflatable as balloons—and as easily punctured—political reputations tend to rise dramatically, sink or even collapse at national conventions. Some who rose and some who fell last week:

JOHN CONNALLY, 59, was the most apparent loser. Usually a spellbinder, he hurried through a strangely flat address to an underwhelmed convention. His peroration was so gloomy that he sounded like a Texas Spengler: "How long this civilization, this free society of America will exist, I do not know."

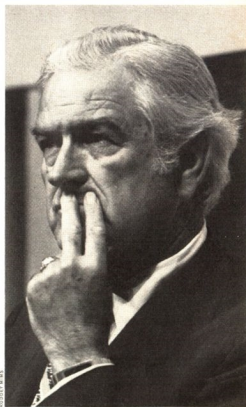
He was scrubbed from vice-presidential consideration in the late rounds, and many moderate Republicans echo George Hinman, a longtime aide to Nelson Rockefeller: "Connally has been shot down. There's no future for him."

Not so, argue many conservatives, who agree with Billy Mounier, vice chairman of the Mississippi delegation. "If he goes out and builds up political I.O.U.s," says Mounier, "he's going to be ready four years from now." Connally does not want to become Ford's campaign manager, which he considers a job for a technician, not a statesman of his stature. Besides, he doubts Ford-Dole can win. Still, Connally will visit nearly 100 congressional districts in 72 days to stump for candidates for Governor and Congress. The same tactic was used suc-

cessfully in the 1966 election by Richard Nixon, who rose from the bone yard by crisscrossing the country to speak for candidates and build up political credits. Connally's wheeler-dealer image and milk-fund taint, which did much to frustrate his vice-presidential hopes, may well block his presidential ambitions in 1980. But Big John is so tough, resilient and resourceful that no one can count him out for good.

RICHARD SCHWEIKER, 50, Reagan's implausible liberal choice as a running mate, helped the Californian not at all and damaged his own great ambitions to become an important party leader or, one day, President. By eagerly embracing almost all of Reagan's positions and promising to disavow the previous pro-labor stands that had made him a darling of the AFL-CIO, Schweiker came across as an opportunist. He spent most of his time in the campaign vainly trying to explain his complete flip-flop.

Schweiker lobbied hard among Pennsylvania's 103 delegates and declared that at least 23 would support Reagan. Only ten did—fewer than had been projected before Schweiker was added to the ticket. When his longtime friend and former campaign manager Drew Lewis resisted Schweiker's pleas to switch to Reagan, Schweiker stormed:



A THOUGHTFUL JOHN CONNALLY

THE NATION

"You are keeping me from becoming President of the United States!" Fortunately for him, he does not come up for re-election until 1980, by which time the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO, which contributed to his 1968 and 1974 victories, will have had time to forget and perhaps forgive.

JAMES BUCKLEY, 53, would have won the convention booby prize had Schweiker not pre-empted it. New York's Republican-Conservative junior Senator permitted an abortive effort to win support for himself as an alternative to Ford or Reagan, thus diminishing his prime asset: an image as a non-politician who happens to be in politics. Buckley insisted his move was selfless—intended to prevent a first-ballot victory and permit delegates bound to a candidate whom they did not favor to vote their convictions on subsequent ballots. When a scant twelve delegates rallied to his tardily raised banner, Buckley withdrew to concentrate on his re-election race. Mused New York G.O.P. Chairman Richard Rosenbaum: "He got out just in time." Buckley stands to have trouble in November beating either Pat Moynihan or Bella Abzug, who

campaign vigorously for Ford in northeastern industrial states, and elsewhere if asked. Should Ford win, Rocky is a long-shot possibility for Secretary of State; but he no longer savors the political infighting that is part of any Cabinet job. He would prefer to be a part-time adviser on issues that still absorb him—for example, energy and international economic development. His personally funded Commission on Critical Choices is being phased out, but he could create some other forum of his own. Says

NEW YORK STATE'S JAMES BUCKLEY



KEYNOTE SPEAKER HOWARD BAKER

are contesting for the Democratic nomination. If he loses and the Ford-Dole ticket is swamped, Buckley may well play a major role in forming an ideologically pure right-wing party.

HOWARD BAKER, 50, plainly has a future—though the appearance that he was passed over at near zero hour in the Veepstakes did nothing to enhance it. Severely disappointed, Baker signaled his intention to seek the presidency in 1980 and vowed: "If ever again I get involved in a presidential race, I can promise you I'll be in the driver's seat." He may make a third bid to become Republican Senate leader when Hugh Scott retires next January. If so, he will risk another setback: tradition favors elevation of the No. 2 man, Minority Whip Robert Griffin.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER, 68, at last appears reconciled to the only logical role open to him: elder statesman. He will



PENNSYLVANIA'S RICHARD SCHWEIKER

Rocky: "I'm the kind of person who has ideas. I learn about a problem and think of a solution and want to do something about it."

ELLIOT RICHARDSON, 56, faded. The Commerce Secretary has held a record four Cabinet posts and yearned to be Vice President. Though he remained on various lists till near the end, his liberal image and stodgy stump style foredoomed him. Richardson missed a White House call notifying him that he had been bypassed and, as he tried to return the call, learned from a passer-by that Dole had been chosen. If Ford is elected, Richardson could become Secretary of State, but he concedes that "I

may be looking for a job in November." The opposition that he evokes from the conservatives in the Republican Party makes him an unlikely prospect for a future national ticket, but Richardson has no doubt about remaining a Republican anyway. Says he: "I believe in a two-party system, and if people like me don't stick with it, no matter how rocky the

COMMERCE SECRETARY ELLIOT RICHARDSON



REAGAN STRATEGIST JOHN SEARS

fortunes of the party, we aren't going to have one."

JOHN SEARS, 36, gained considerable respect from both sides as a shrewd campaign strategist, although his reputation suffered when the Schweiker gambit failed. Sears also made the questionable decisions that kept Reagan out of such big-state primaries as New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, on the theory that powerful party organizations would ensure rich delegate harvests for Ford. Some Reagan supporters faulted Sears for making a floor test on a procedural matter (whether Ford should have had to name his running mate in advance) rather than an ideological issue like détente. When this second gamble failed, Reagan was through.

But Sears was among the earliest to sense that Ford, as an appointed incumbent, was vulnerable, and that his huge budget deficits, Nixon pardon and for-

eign policy stressing accommodation with Moscow and Peking had created a large Republican constituency for Reagan. Sears' own cool, charm and intelligence guarantee him a role in future campaigns—if he wants one. Sears insists that he wants no part of Ford's campaign. Instead, "I'll go back to practicing law." He believes the wounds from the primaries are still too sore for him to join the President's cause; besides, he argued until last week that Ford, if nominated, would lose in November.

ROBERT GRIFFIN, 52, one of Ford's closest advisers, earned new luster and is certain to be a Republican power no matter what happens in November. The Michigan Senator's adept direction of Ford's intricate convention floor operation was praised by the newly nominated President: "Bob, you did it again." Added Tennessee's Baker: "This is Bob Griffin's convention. He is the one who pulled it together."

Last spring Griffin was sent to Iowa to round up the delegate votes that won that state's crucial caucus for Ford. He also ran Ford's successful campaign in Michigan and devised the plan for the President to whistle-stop through the state.

In the campaign, Griffin will be a key strategist, and could be called upon for a larger role if Ford fails to close the gap opened by Jimmy Carter. Should Ford eventually win, his fellow Michigander and former House Colleague Griffin could have a key appointive post. More probably, he would choose to remain in the Senate, and move up to Republican leader next January.

The spotlight also played briefly on several other Republicans who were mentioned by White House insiders as potential Vice Presidents. Though they lost out, the fact that they were considered gave them national exposure that will help their careers. One so favored was San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson, a potential gubernatorial candidate in 1978, who quipped: "It can't hurt." William Ruckelshaus, former Deputy Attorney General, realistically assessed his chances for being No. 2. As Ford was settling on Dole, he closed the purchase of a house in Bellevue, Wash., near his new job as senior vice president of Weyerhaeuser Co., the forest-products giant. Three Governors also benefited from vice-presidential mentions: Washington's Dan Evans, who is leaving after a third term, is a Cabinet possibility, but more probably will accept a post in business or education; Missouri's Kit Bond, only 37, is favored to win re-election in November and establish himself more firmly as a party star; and Iowa's Robert Ray, a Ford friend, also could join the Cabinet. Ambassador to Great Britain Anne Armstrong will continue to be highly visible, her prominence enhanced by frequent mentions as Ford's running mate, though it is doubtful she was even seriously considered.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Crusade of Riskers and Doers

A slow journey down the red shag aisles of the Republican Convention was like a tour that Ken Baker of Jackson, Tenn., might have set up in his travel agency to show off postcard America.

Here and there were a leering face and a defiant bellow, but for the most part the convention was a scene of restrained certitude, the firm jaw-set of people who run things and have things. Ken Baker used to be a teacher, but the vision of affluence and independence beat strong in him, and in 1972 he started his now burgeoning business. The fear that brought him to Kansas City was that the Government, in its ineptitude, would rob him of his chance and his dreams.

Around him stood the dwindling fraternity of Republican people who own, manage, invest, invent and risk. They each have their short stories of work, struggle and success. They also have a single-minded belief in American opportunity that they claim most people can seize if they will.

Roger Shaff of Camanche, Iowa, drills the seed corn every spring into the black soil of his 550 acres, harvests the heavy yield in the fall and feeds the corn to livestock that he sells. His life is his family and his land and his right to do things his way. C. Lee Mantle of Painesville, Ohio, is retired now from his real estate business. He founded it, saw it grow to a firm employing ten people. In his small corner of this country, it was a glorious adventure. He wants to make sure that that kind of opportunity is preserved.

That is what the campaign argument is all about: How far does a Government go before it begins to discourage and destroy this spirit?

Charles Reed, an executive of a savings and loan firm in Los Angeles, thinks the situation is already at the danger point, and if a Democratic Congress is unleashed by a Democratic President, there will be a disaster. So does Nancy Brataas, a Rochester, Minn., housewife who started her own small firm for consultation on political volunteer programs. Lawyer Francis Love of Wheeling, W. Va., understood the need for massive Government action in the 1930s, but now he believes there is an equally compelling need for massive revision of the New Deal concept and programs that still dominate Washington.

If one measured the sheer horsepower that these Republicans provide for the American economic machine, it would be far greater than their numbers suggest. If they are to be criticized for being indifferent to those victimized by the very system they use so successfully, they are also to be credited with being the critical mass in a system that has mixed liberty and freedom with material rewards better than any other that the world has produced.

Most of them have another dimension, often forgotten in the sweeping political assessments of this season. Dick Morrell, a heating and building-supply contractor from Brunswick, Me., is a city selectman and a trustee of the local hospital and serves on the planning commission. Dan Theno of Ashland, Wis., is active in the Elks and the Jaycees. Richard Bell is a Georgia Tech alumni trustee and a member of the Atlanta leadership group that has helped steer that city to its current state of excellence. Hallie Wiggins, who runs the office for her husband's sewer and water facilities construction business in Portland, Ore., works with the Y.W.C.A. and the women's prison council, which won a battle for separate women's prison facilities in the state. And Charles Wolf of Mount Wolf, Pa., a partner in a firm manufacturing corrugated paper, heads the board of York College, helps with the United Way and the York Symphony Orchestra.

Activities like these sometimes draw the scorn of those who dwell on the flaws of American society. But these civic efforts are the grace notes of any community.

Fifty years ago, the Republicans could assume that political power came along with their profits and prominence. No more. The supreme irony is that at a time when people of all political persuasions are calling for the managerial skills that the Republicans possess, the Grand Old Party must fight for its life. At least the Republicans can read a balance sheet. Surely those bleak figures were what roused President Ford to such heights in his acceptance speech and sent the Republicans off with new hope on their mission of self-preservation.



DELEGATES IN KEMPER ARENA

THE HOST CITY

A Touch of Glass in the Heartland

Kansas City turned itself inside out to prove that it is a big-time place with small-town friendliness. Giving a party became a civic obligation. Hospitality was evangelical in its fervor. Kansas Citians greeted arriving Republicans, journalists and celebrities with simulated parchment scrolls entitling "the Bear-er to see Missouri in all its Grandeur" and signed by Republican Governor Christopher Bond. To the 4,518 delegates and alternates, merchants and town leaders contributed burlap tote bags stuffed with gifts and guidebooks and stamped with elephants encircled by large hearts (symbolizing, naturally, the nation's heartland).

Some 2,800 volunteers of the Kansas City Host Committee (including many Democrats) arranged for 200 families to put up reporters and visitors who were unable to find hotel space. The committee also set up booths in big hotels to help visitors find their way around and provided tours of the city. One of the biggest attractions for the Republican delegates: the Harry S. Truman Library and gravesite in nearby Independence, which drew 2,700 sightseers on the first day of the convention. Other

quest was for Scotch and milk. There wasn't a drop of milk in the house, so we gave her Scotch and half-and-half and hoped she didn't notice."

The most lavish affair was thrown by Candy Tycoon Charles H. Price II and his wife Carol, whose own fortune is based on holdings in Pepperidge Farm, Campbell Soup and Swanson. The Prices opened up their richly furnished two-story penthouse "The Walnuts," in the Country Club Plaza section of Kan-

studded shindigs staged in New York during the Democratic Convention. About the only celebrities on hand were Singers Pat Boone and Gordon MacRae, Musician Lionel Hampton, Actors Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Cary Grant, Sexpot Elizabeth Ray (who was barred from one reception by the Secret Service), and an array of TV stars like CBS's Walter Cronkite, NBC's David Brinkley, and especially ABC-bound Barbara Walters. Another star at the convention was Singer Sonny Bono, who upset local society by turning down the loan of a Kansas City home as his residence because it



PERISS—MACILW



PRE-CONVENTION PARTY (TOP); VISITORS ADMIRING THREE-HEADED ELEPHANT AT NELSON GALLERY OF ART; RIGHT: VOLUNTEERS FROM WATCH, INC. ON THE ALERT

features of the tourist route: the Nelson Gallery of Art (also the scene of an enormous 1,500-guest reception attended by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller the evening before the convention began); the Mission Hills district, straddling the Missouri-Kansas border, where \$250,000 mansions abound, built with fortunes based on grain, livestock, chemicals, candy, banking and real estate; and the dozens of magnificent fountains which dot the city like diamond studs.

There were parties for every state delegation, though the outlanders' tastes occasionally caught local hostesses unprepared. "I thought we had stocked the bar with everything," said Mrs. Joseph Bruening, who invited 200 Arizonans to a poolside party, "but the first drink re-

was for Scotch and milk. There wasn't a drop of milk in the house, so we gave her Scotch and half-and-half and hoped she didn't notice."

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KATZ—BLACK STAR

did not have enough bathrooms. In any case, most parties fizzled by 6:30 or so when guests began heading for Kemper Arena, site of the real action.

As in New York, there were few demonstrations. One reason for this was that while 5,000 protesters had been expected, only 400 or so had materialized. Another reason was the presence of WATCH, Inc., a group of 460 religious and civic volunteers who kept close track of the assorted Yuppies, gays, other protesters and police. Working 24

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THE NATION

hours a day, these specially trained intermediaries acted to avert confrontations by letting both the activists and the cops know what everybody was up to.

Probably the most theatrical demonstrations—pure ham—took place around the elegant lobby of the Crown Center Hotel. There, a group of motley protesters tried to put on display their presidential candidate, an immense hog named Larrimore Hustle who was running on the slogan, "Revive pork-barrel politics." When the Yuppies tried to drag Hustle into the lobby, he got stuck in the glass door. As police poured into the place, Hustle panicked and soiled the elegant red carpet on which Gerald Ford was scheduled to walk.

The gays had an only slightly larger contingent of followers and an equally edifying chant for their cause: "Ho, ho, homosexual, sodomy laws are ineffectual." There was also a smattering of anarchists, fundamentalist preachers and animal lovers (opposing leg traps) scattered throughout the city. COYOTE (Come Off Your Old, Tired Ethics), the national organization for hookers, was on hand too, and a few locals put out a twelve-page tabloid called *Hump* cataloging the local delights. A police threat to slap \$500 bonds on both the hustlers and their customers helped to clean out the downtown area. For the most part, however, the police made only a few arrests (which included one nude man who said he was a presidential candidate running on the platform "I have nothing to hide").

If there was little disorder, there was plenty of disgruntlement about some of the city's shortcomings. Many visitors complained bitterly about their hotel accommodations. Foreign journalists, assigned the least desirable hotels, griped about uncomfortable, small or unclean rooms—though, as one staffer at the foreign press center put it, "These guys are used to the Hilton, and can't stand the thought of anything less." Others found the food generally bad and pretentious, and had to endure long lines to savor the deep-fried catfish at the Savoy Grill, the barbecued ribs at Arthur Bryant's or the Kansas City strip steaks at the Golden Ox. Cabs were usually as scarce as ocean breezes.

Still nobody who visits the city's Nelson Gallery, one of the great collections of Oriental works, is likely to think of Kansas City as a mere cow town. Some of the Republican gallery goers must have been particularly struck by the fragment of a Khmer sandstone lintel from the 10th century. It depicts the Hindu rain god Indra riding a three-headed elephant named Airavata. Indra is clearly nimble-footed and his face is ineffably serene—though why it should be, given the fellow's precarious position, is not clear. The religious significance of this artwork doubtless escaped most visitors, but the political symbolism was obvious.



RICHARD NIXON AT WORK IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS SAN CLEMENTE HOME

THE EX-PRESIDENT

Phantom of the Campaign

In Kansas City, it was the day that Gerald Ford was nominated; in San Clemente, it was a day much like any other for Richard Nixon. The ex-President played a leisurely 18 holes of golf with his aide, former Marine Colonel Jack Brennan; trailing them on the links were eight Secret Service men who did not have to worry about keeping crowds at bay on the lonely course at the Camp Pendleton Marine base. At the time that delegates were streaming into convention hall, Nixon's armor-plated black Cadillac, bristling with aerials and importance, was taking him back home. When it pulled up in front of his Casa Pacifica, he stepped out with no sign of the limp from his bout with plebeitis almost two years ago. Then the door closed behind him, sealing him off in his own special world, where he watched the convention on television.

The man who fashioned one of the great since all presidential victories in 1972 had no part to play last week. He has become a non-person removed from even any mention in Republican oratory. Says his onetime White House Aide Gerald Warren: "I'm sure he is sitting there eating his heart out. Remember that this is the first Republican Convention since 1948 where he hasn't been a central figure." But Nixon has avidly followed the campaign, totting up delegate figures and assessing the strategies of both the Ford and Reagan camps. He was cautious about letting his own preference be known, for he could only damage his favorite. Some visitors felt that he wanted Ford to win, especially after Reagan chose liberal Richard Schweiker as his running mate. Nixon seemed to feel that John Connally,

whom he has long admired, should be on the ticket to help the G.O.P. carry the South against Jimmy Carter.

Rabbi Baruch Korff, Nixon's tireless defender, indignantly insists that the Republicans will be hurt by their "un-American" actions of making a "phantom" out of the former President. Nixon is doing his best to keep his reputation alive by working on his memoirs, which he hopes to complete by December. He is undecided about how to handle Watergate. One of his White House speechwriters, Patrick Buchanan, has advised him to concentrate on the peaks of his presidency and to minimize the troughs. Nixon will begin taping in December a series of TV interviews with David Frost that will be broadcast in February—well after the presidential victor is installed in the White House.

Life at San Clemente is somber and isolated, and has become even more so since Pat Nixon suffered her stroke in July. She undergoes daily therapy to strengthen her arms and legs and correct her slurred speech. (So far she has received 180,000 get-well messages from around the country.) Only a few relatives and old loyalists can get into the house. A thicket of electronic devices warns off intruders, though not many venture close to the coastal grounds. Young surfers believe that remote-control TV cameras equipped with powerful microphones can pick up a conversation hundreds of feet away. "Nod, if you can hear me," some surfers like to whisper. Sure enough, the camera sometimes dips in reply. One day last week Nixon was alone on the bluff by his house. Far below, a surfer waved—and the ex-President waved back.



NORTH KOREAN AT UPPER LEFT WIELDS AX AS COMMUNISTS ASSAULT ALLIES AT PANMUNJOM



SLAIN U.S. OFFICERS: CAPTAIN

KOREA

Sudden Death at Checkpoint Three

"The loneliest spot in the world" is what some of the American guards call Checkpoint Three. It is located at the southern end of the Bridge of No Return, over which North and South Korean prisoners were exchanged as part of the agreement that ended the Korean War in 1953. Near by stands the bleak compound of Quonset huts and wooden buildings where the U.N. and North Korean commands hold their Military Armistice Commission meetings.

One morning last week, a contingent of eleven American and South Korean officers and security guards were escort-

ing five Korean workers while they trimmed foliage from a large poplar that partially blocked the view northward from an Allied guardhouse. At 10:45 a.m., according to the U.N. Command's subsequent account, a small group of North Koreans appeared at the site and demanded that the work be stopped. The Americans refused. A few minutes later, a truckload of some 30 additional North Korean troops arrived at the scene. An officer shouted "*Chukyo!*"—the order to kill. The North Koreans suddenly swarmed over the Americans and South Koreans, assaulting them

with metal pikes, axes and ax handles. When the attack was over, two American officers, Captain Arthur G. Bonifas,* 33, and Lieut. Mark T. Barrett, 25, were dead of massive head injuries and stab wounds; four other Americans and five South Koreans were wounded. North Korea announced that five of its soldiers were wounded in the fracas.

Despite numerous deaths elsewhere in the DMZ, the killings were the first ever at the village of Panmunjom, where negotiators met for two nerve-racking

*Bonifas' promotion to major came through on the very day he was killed.



U.S. SOLDIER ON GUARD AT DMZ

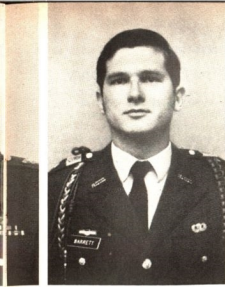
Truce Village: The Last Combat Zone

The so-called Demilitarized Zone—a 151-mile-long strip of mountains and fields separating North and South Korea—is in fact the only area on the entire peninsula that the U.S. still officially designates a combat zone. Thousands of armed soldiers patrol the entire length of the 2½-mile-wide land-mined strip. Artillery and missiles on both sides are aimed at hills pockmarked with trenches. Since the zone was established by the armistice agreement of July 1953, 49 Americans have been killed and dozens of others wounded in clashes in and near the DMZ. The death toll for North and South Koreans is more than 1,000.

The most intense skirmishing took place in the late 1960s. In 1966, six American soldiers were killed in a

North Korean ambush near Panmunjom. In 1968—the year the U.S. warship *Pueblo* was seized by North Korea while on a reconnaissance mission—there were 760 incidents in the DMZ, including 356 outbreaks of shooting, with a total of 500 deaths on both sides. In the past 2½ years, however, the zone has been relatively quiet. Until last week, there had been no American deaths since November 1974. In the interim, the most serious injury was suffered by Major Darryl Henderson, whose larynx was crushed when he was attacked and beaten unconscious last year by North Korean guards in Panmunjom.

Of the 41,000 U.S. soldiers now stationed in South Korea, only 160 are assigned to Panmunjom, while South Koreans patrol the rest of the DMZ. The



ARTHUR G. BONIFAS & LIEUT. MARK T. BARRETT

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years to work out the Korean cease-fire. President Ford condemned the action as "brutal and cowardly." Secretary of State Kissinger warned: "North Korea must bear full responsibility for all the consequences of its brutal action."

Official U.S. statements were quickly followed by some ominous military moves. U.S. military personnel on leave in South Korea were ordered back to their posts, where they went on "increased alert status." A squadron of F-4s (18 to 24 planes) was dispatched from Kadena, Okinawa, to Korea; so was a squadron of F-111s from Mountain Home Air Force Base in Idaho; so was the carrier *Midway* from its position off Japan. Still, there was no indication whether the U.S. was preparing a retaliatory move or simply beefing up its strength in anticipation of more assaults

by the North Koreans. "I'm not ruling anything in or out at all," said Defense Department Spokesman Tod R. Hullin. Added another Pentagon official: "The situation is fluid." The North Koreans ordered their forces into a state of combat readiness, saying the Americans' "premeditated scheme" at Panmunjom was "the prelude to the war adventure that the U.S. imperialist aggressors may perpetrate."

Bitter Rhetoric. In both Washington and Seoul, officials said they were mystified over the reasons for the North Korean attack. It is conceivable that it was simply a local controversy: the hostility along the DMZ is strong enough for the pruning of a tree to become a *casus belli* (see box). Beyond that, the Korean Communists have been unusually bitter lately in their rhetorical condemnations of the U.S. presence in South Korea. Last week, for example, the North Korean embassy in Peking twice issued warnings that "a critical situation" was developing in Korea and that war could break out "at any time." It seemed possible that the North Koreans were trying to provoke a retaliation that would rally sympathy for Pyongyang's demand—due to be made at the U.N. this fall—that the U.S. withdraw all its forces from South Korea.

Still, despite combat-ready armies poised on both sides of the DMZ, it seemed unlikely that a larger conflagration would result from last week's incident. In Seoul, reported TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief William Stewart, "there was little evidence of tension. The streets are clogged with traffic jams, the restaurants are full and on the sidewalks the crowds savor a late August breeze. The latest incident is shrugged off as worrisome but manageable." And in the DMZ last weekend, the North Koreans offered no resistance when American soldiers went out and chopped down that poplar tree near the Bridge of No Return.

American volunteers—specially chosen for their conspicuous brawn and even tempers—serve 13-month tours of duty at the "truce village" of Panmunjom, where 379 vituperous sessions of the Military Armistice Commission have regularly failed to accomplish anything. At a long wooden table that is half in the North Korean and half in the South Korean zone, North Korean and Chinese representatives argue fiercely with Americans representing the U.N. Command. Of the 35,000 truce violations charged to them in the past 23 years, the North Korean commission members have admitted only two. The U.S. and South Korea have admitted fewer than 100 of the nearly 150,000 violations charged to them. The exchange of insults across the table often becomes so heated that American troops on duty at the negotiation sessions are ordered to

wear athletic supporters with plastic cups in case of scuffling. "The North Koreans are absolutely unbending," said an Eighth Army officer on duty at Panmunjom. Spitting, name-calling and obscene gesturing, he added, are "almost a point of honor for them." When off duty, the 43 U.S. officers at Panmunjom mingle at an officers' club called The Monastery, where each man has a brown, velveteen monk's robe and hood that he dons for elaborate induction ceremonies. Each officer also owns a black baseball cap, which is hung on a hook above the bar. The most veteran member of the group hangs his hat on a hook around the corner, and when his time to go home comes his robed colleagues recite an elaborate liturgy of farewell toasts, and move their hats up one peg. They all know that the next assignment has got to be better.

DIPLOMACY

Sri Lanka Summit: Noisy Neutrality

To prepare for the distinguished visitors, the authorities moved all the tattered beggars and cripples of Colombo out to temporary "rehabilitation centers" in the countryside. At a cost of \$40 million or so, they decked the streets with the flags of 85 nations, hastily widened roads, improved hotels, organized the tightest security precautions in years and even arranged for a band that could serenade the guests with selections from *Oklahoma!* And so the government of Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon) was ready to welcome more than 2,000 elaborately robed and uniformed delegates to the fifth Summit Conference of Nonaligned Countries.

Some notables sent their regrets. Cuba's Fidel Castro said he was busy, and so did North Korea's Kim Il Sung and Uganda's Idi Amin ("Big Daddy") Dada. Among those who did gather in Colombo: Viet Nam's ascetic Premier Pham Van Dong, Libya's mercurial Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, India's stately Indira Gandhi, Cyprus' black-bearded Archbishop Makarios.

Yugoslavia's President Josip Broz Tito, 84, the last surviving founder of the nonaligned group, soon began to feel dismay at the course the conference was taking. Could they not, he asked the delegates, avoid ideological rhetoric and argue out bilateral disagreements at "another place and at some other time?" Evidently not. The summit meeting made

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



NORTH KOREAN BORDER GUARDS

THE WORLD

it abundantly clear that many of the supposedly nonaligned are anything but neutral. Indeed, the conference served as a forum for a wide range of attacks against alleged Western "imperialism."

It also gave countries like Cuba* an opportunity to define neutralism in a distinctly pugnacious way. "Simple non-commitment to military blocs," said Deputy Prime Minister Carlos Rafael Rodriguez of Cuba, should not qualify a country for membership among the non-aligned. Rodriguez pushed instead for the idea of "international solidarity" as "a permanent duty of the peoples committed to revolution." By that he meant such things as Cuban military intervention in Angola, a type of international solidarity that Rodriguez said would "not be interrupted."

That stand drew protests from Malaysian Prime Minister Datuk Hussein bin Onn and Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. Lee specifically criticized "countries like Laos" for their "urge to proselytize" and added that "we cannot tolerate interference in the internal affairs of any member."

Strident Demands. Interference was a widespread preoccupation at the conference, however. Laos and Viet Nam excoriated Indonesia for its recently ratified military acquisition of East Timor (TIME, June 14). An increasingly aggressive North Korea issued strident demands that the U.S. withdraw its defense forces from South Korea. Libya's Gaddafi threatened to proclaim a "bal-

ance sheet" of member countries that, in his view, "leaned toward imperialism." Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, usually a quiet-spoken man, gave a shouting, lectern-thumping performance that amounted to a virtual declaration of war against Rhodesia and South Africa. "Assistance is urgently required," he said, "in the following fields: arms and ammunition, transport, food and medical facilities and personnel." Finally, the conference passed a resolution demanding an oil embargo against France and Israel in retaliation for their arms sales to South Africa.

Surprisingly, some of the rare conciliatory remarks at the conference were made by Viet Nam's Pham Van Dong—and directed toward the U.S. Dong said that his country wanted to develop normal diplomatic relations with Washington, as well as economic ties with the capitalist West. Said he to TIME's David Aikman: "At present we see no sign of change in the situation [with the U.S.], but I think there will be an improvement in the future."

As the rhetoric resounded interminably in plenary sessions at the Bandaranaike Memorial International Conference Hall—a \$5 million gift to Sri Lanka from the People's Republic of China—delegates found more agreement in a committee devoted to economic matters. Among their proposals: producer associations to get higher prices for basic commodities, detailed plans for trade expansion with the developed countries and cooperation in the establishment of a Third World currency and a development bank. Said the committee: "The developing countries, and particularly the poorer ones, are in a state of total desperation."

The increasing combativeness of nonaligned conference members is unlikely to alleviate that plight. Nonetheless, the host of their next conference, in 1979, will be Cuba.

DISASTERS

"The Fates Are Angry"

To the coastal residents of the southern Philippine island of Mindanao, the 30-ft. waves created by a giant underwater earthquake seemed like the wrath of heaven itself. "God in all his glory did not let this happen without reason," said one Mindanao official in an emotional appeal to the stricken population of Cotabato City (pop. 80,000), 500 miles south of Manila, to cooperate in rescue work. Observed a health officer: "We suffered the brunt of the Moslem insurgency in 1973, and we had the drought in 1972. Now this. Some of the people are saying the fates are angry at us."

The 20-sec. tremor, which measured 8 points on the Richter scale, came shortly after midnight last Monday. Centered in the Celebes Sea (see map), it sent the colossal tsunami waves toward the scenic shorelines of the Sulu Is-



*Along with Cuba, the Communist states attending were Yugoslavia, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos and North Korea.

EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS IN PAGADIAN CITY



HARVARDIAN COLLEGE BUILDING IN COTABATO CITY WRECKED BY QUAKE
Some ran to hillsides or clung to coconut trees.

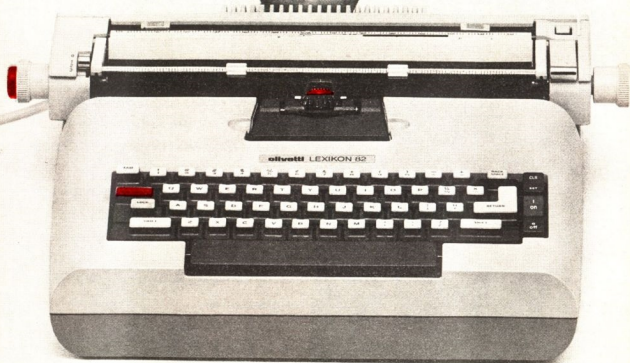
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THE WORLD

lands and the Moro Gulf coast while most residents were sleeping. The waves wiped out a dozen fishing villages, knocked out bridges, and caused buildings to collapse in the coastal cities of Cotabato, Pagadian and Davao. Philippine officials said the disaster was the worst in their country's history: 3,100 dead, another 3,700 missing, 1,000 injured and nearly 90,000 homeless.

Empty Arms. Gloria Bitancor, 35, who lost her five children, recalled that when the quake struck, "everybody was crying and shouting and warning of a tidal wave coming at us. I panicked and tried to gather all my five children into my arms. When the waves swept us out together with our house, I found that my arms were empty. I wanted to shout and curse my misery, but I had no more voice. It was then that I saw my little girl, her small fingers disappearing into the water, waving for help that never came."

In a crowded hospital in Cotabato, Cara Gausman, 22, is now recovering from a deep gash in her head. "I was asleep," she said. "Then everything hit my head—the water, the walls. About five minutes, maybe two minutes, I don't know, in the water, grabbing for wood, grabbing for anything. It was dark and under water. Afterward there were no more houses. Everything's gone. My brother's gone." Other survivors told of escaping the waves by running to the hillsides or clinging to coconut trees. One woman told of seeing her father swept out to sea, then swept back in again alive with the next wave.

The Philippine earthquake was the most destructive of three that struck Asia last week. The first, measuring 7.2, shook a sparsely populated area near the Great Snow Mountain in central China. It came just as residents of Peking were ending their three-week camp-out in the wake of the great quake that struck the Chinese capital and demolished the nearby industrial city of Tangshan last month. Two days later, a seismic jolt damaged more than a hundred homes on the Izu Peninsula 80 miles south of Tokyo. Scientists said the close sequence of quakes was probably coincidental, though they admit the rash of recent earthquakes in the Far East is disturbing and may suggest that some seismic process that is not yet fully understood may be taking place.

Under the Volcano

When Mount Pelée suddenly erupted on the Caribbean island of Martinique on May 8, 1902, a huge cloud of steam and volcanic dust killed 30,000 people, leaving a solitary prisoner in an underground dungeon as the only survivor. So when the long-dormant La Soufrière volcano on nearby Guadeloupe, a French territory, recently began rumbling and belching ash and gases, authorities ordered the immediate evacuation of more than 72,000 residents from towns and vil-



GASEOUS CLOUDS AND TORRENTS OF DEBRIS POUR FROM LA SOUFRIÈRE VOLCANO
Some still remembered the eruption that killed 30,000.

lages in the vicinity of the 4,812-ft. volcano. *TIME* Correspondent Bernard Die-drich flew to the island and ventured up to the crater. His report:

La Soufrière, haughty, elusive, has a quality of mystery, and perhaps never has it been so mysterious as now. While the administrative capital of Basse-Terre was bathed in tropical sunshine on the coast below, La Soufrière (meaning sulfur mine) remained swathed in a turban of clouds and made its own rain.

Signs along the road up to the crater warn of toxic gases, projectiles and landslides. But over the years islanders have built their houses amid the rain forests on the mountain's flanks. As a retired clerical worker from Basse-Terre put it: "We did not fear it." When the volcano suddenly began spewing out a fine volcanic ash two weeks ago, officials decided it was time to act.

Early Sunday morning, to the sound of church bells, the evacuation began. Small pickup trucks, cars and buses clogged the roads to the adjoining island of Grande-Terre. Some residents were taken out by sea. And some others, participants in the Tour de Guadeloupe bicycle race, left on their bikes. "Most people didn't wait to pack," said Pierre Renaison, 52, a biologist. "They left with just the clothes on their backs."

Twenty-four hours after the last evacuee struggled past the roadblock into the safety zone, the island was shaken by an earthquake that measured 4 points on the Richter scale. There were reports that the volcano might erupt at any moment with the force of a 350-kiloton nuclear explosion. The next day Professor Robert Brousse, 47, a burly volcanologist from the University of Paris, flew in an Alouette III helicopter over the volcano to see if it had begun to erupt. "We were over the sea when sud-

denly the cloud into which we were about to fly turned out to be a cloud of ash from the volcano," he said. "I can tell you we got out of there fast."

Emptied of human life, Basse-Terre now resembles the post-apocalyptic spectacle of the movie *On the Beach*. French Tricolors flutter unattended in the breeze. The traffic lights are still on, but jammed on red or green. Goats wander the streets and chained dogs howl in hunger. Others, having broken their bonds, forage in the grounds of the Saint-Claude Hospital. A large poster in Basse-Terre announces that the Tivoli Cinema is showing *Hell Is Empty*. Yet in the town of Saint-Claude, halfway up the slopes, there remains one elderly couple that refuses to leave. Says Dorome Cherize, 61, as she munches on a mango: "I stay here till I die. If the mountain blows, the country disappears. I stay here."

Swirling Clouds. From the tourist car park, it is a 20-minute hike to the crater. The air is gray and the knee-deep ash has turned to mud near the summit. Suddenly, out of the swirling clouds a line of seven helmeted and yellow-coated scientists appears. They are picking their way down the volcano's side after an inspection tour. "The odds now are that it will not become destructively active," ventures John Tomblin, 37, a scientist with the Seismic Research Center in Trinidad-Tobago. But, he laughs, "that's mainly a guess."

The volcano is still just smoldering. By week's end farmers were complaining that the livestock they left behind would starve. Some were let through police barricades to feed their animals or lead them to safety. Housewives were protesting a sudden increase in the price of vegetables, which used to be harvested on the slopes of La Soufrière. And in the shadow of the smoking mountain, everyone waited.

NAMIBIA

Toward Independence

If wishes were horses and beggars could ride, South Africa would keep control of Namibia (South West Africa), the onetime League of Nations mandated territory that it has ruled since 1920. Not only does Namibia produce some \$300 million worth of minerals a year (diamonds, uranium, copper, lead), but it also serves as a partial buffer against the black states to the north.

Last year, however, the United Nations gave South Africa an ultimatum: devise an independence timetable for Namibia by Aug. 31, 1976, or face U.N. sanctions. Reluctantly agreeing to call a constitutional conference, South Africa still hoped to preserve white power by turning Namibia into a federation that would be dominated by its 90,000 whites (who compose 10.6% of the territory's 850,000 inhabitants). But the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), representing much of the powerful Ovambo tribe that makes up 46% of Namibia's population, was determined to form the new government on its own terms. In the meantime, it waged guerrilla warfare against the existing regime from bases in Angola and Zambia.

ALON REINGOLD—CONTACT



Eventually Namibia's white moderates convinced South Africa's Prime Minister John Vorster that the only way to reduce the U.N. heat on South Africa itself was to give Namibia genuine independence. Last week, after Vorster called in the leader of Namibia's white conservatives for some heavy persuasion, the constitutional conference reached a measured compromise. After almost a year of discussion, the twelve different ethnic groups in the territory—eight black, one white and three of mixed race—settled on Dec. 31, 1978, as the date for Namibian independence. A multiracial interim government—probably to be headed by Clemens Kapuuo, a Herero tribal chief, and Dirk Mudge, a white rancher—will draft a constitution, organize elections and oversee the transfer of power. The non-white majority at the conference had pressed for independence by next June 30, but in the end agreed to wait an extra 18 months in return for the kind of one-man, one-vote system it wanted. SWAPO predictably denounced the agreement, but from now on it will have to fight a government that is working toward multiracial, apartheid-free independence.

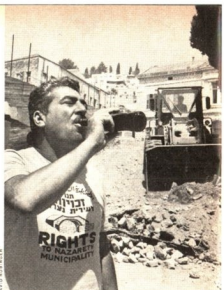
South Africa remains in a strong position to influence Namibia's future policies. For one thing, Namibia is critically short of water and electricity, and will have to acquire them from its powerful neighbor. Besides, South Africa provides practically all of Namibia's imports. And it will still control Walvis Bay, the only good port on Namibia's Atlantic coastline, which South Africa has held as a separate entity since 1910. Small wonder, then, that the new Namibian government is expected to sign a security agreement allowing South African troops to be based on Namibian soil. The troops will defend the new government against SWAPO guerrilla raids. More important from South Africa's viewpoint, they will preserve Namibia's status as a buffer to the north.

ISRAEL

News from Nazareth

When Jesus Christ learned recently that another Nazarene had died, he went and asked the newcomer to Heaven: "How are things in Nazareth?" "They are changing," replied the Nazarene. "There are new political leaders and new civic programs, and the citizens are full of hope." "I can see that nothing has changed," sighed Jesus. "And besides," continued the Nazarene, "they are cleaning up the Cactus Quarter." "So Nazareth really is changing!" said Jesus.

That joke was told in Nazareth last week as bands of volunteers scrubbed down the city's scabrous Cactus Quarter for what may have been the first time in 2,000 years. They painted shabby



NAZARETH MAYOR ZAYAD TAKES A BREAK
Would Jesus be surprised?

schoolrooms, removed piles of rubbish and hacked away at overgrown cactus plants. "The city has no money and so we are doing the work," explained Ghassoub Matar, 22, a painter.

In the nine months since Communist Poet Tawfiq Zayad was elected mayor, some surprising things have taken place in Nazareth, the largest (pop. 40,000) all-Arab city within the borders of Israel. New water and drainage pipes have been laid, three new schools have almost been completed and city council meetings have been thrown open to the public for the first time. Local tax collections have increased by 50%.

"And I have other plans," declared Zayad, 47, as he toured the city last week, wearing a yellow T shirt that bore the message **RIGHTS TO NAZARETH MUNICIPALITY**. "This city is terrible," he said. "There is not one library here, not one museum, not one sports stadium or traffic signal. City hall is an antiquity." Indeed, the city hall is a run-down pile of stone that looks much like a prison—which in fact is what it used to be. Zayad's father was an inmate there in 1936 after an Arab uprising against the British rulers of what was then Palestine. "I remember going to the prison every day to take food to my father," says Zayad, adding with a grin: "Now I go there every day as mayor of Nazareth."

Not surprisingly, the Israeli government has shown little enthusiasm for Zayad and his gaffly coalition of Communists, Christians and Moslems. "When he was elected, we said to ourselves that we would just have to make the best of it," says Shmuel Toledano, the Israeli government's chief expert on local Arab affairs. "Our assessment of Nazareth, after nine months of Zayad, is that things are no better today than they were before."

That is hardly true. Zayad sued the Israeli Ministry of Education for funds that it was withholding, on a technical-

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ity, from Nazareth's school system, and he won the case (and \$51,000). He is demanding a larger cut of the national budget for municipalities, especially Nazareth, and he loudly complains of government obstructionism.

The effect of Zayad's campaign has been to polarize Nazarenes into a self-conscious Arab minority, and this worries some of Zayad's townspeople almost as much as it bothers Jerusalem. "We are Arabs, yes," says Restaurant Owner Abu Nassir, a Catholic, "but we are Israelis too. For 28 years we have lived in harmony with the government. What Zayad is doing is dangerous. You cannot fight the government and expect to live in peace."

Zayad does not expect to live in peace. He expects it will take quite a lot of fighting to make Nazareth, which he now calls "a mess," a better place.

POLAND

No Sugar Daddy

Poland's Communist leader Edward Giersek could hardly forget that he had been swept into power in 1970 by a wave of riots against rising food prices. So, for more than five years, he kept prices frozen even while wages rose by 40%. Such an artificial situation could not last

indefinitely, and Giersek suddenly announced in June that the prices of many staples would go up an average 60%. Once again the restive Poles started fighting back.

In some 70 localities, demonstrators marched through the streets, staged sit-down strikes, even overturned a locomotive and tore up tracks on the main line from Warsaw to the west. The most violent outbreak occurred in Radom, a factory town of 180,000 in central Poland, where at least 75 policemen as well as hundreds of workers were injured and the Communist Party headquarters was set afire.

Giersek quickly backed down and canceled the price increases. But that was only a temporary maneuver. In a show trial designed to brand the Radom protesters as vandals, six carefully chosen defendants—all had criminal records—were sentenced to four to ten years at hard labor on charges of looting and destruction of state property. At the same time nearly 700 ordinary Radom workers were hauled into summary trials held in secret. About 80% of them reportedly were given sentences of six months to five years at hard labor. Most of the others were dismissed from their jobs, which in Eastern Europe usually means eviction from state-supplied apartments, loss of medical aid and other benefits.

Hoarding Housewife. Last week Giersek took a risky new tack in dealing with food shortages: he restored rationing to Poland for the first time since 1950. He restricted purchases of sugar, a basic and highly prized commodity, to two kilos (4.4 lbs.) per person per month at the legal price of 50¢ per kilo. (Extra amounts can be bought at 2½ times that price.) He also announced that rationing may soon be extended to meat, for which he has already proposed a 30% price increase.

Ironically, Poland is traditionally an exporter of beet sugar, but this summer's drought severely cut production, and the shortage has been aggravated by hoarding. One farsighted Warsaw housewife recently managed to stockpile 1.5 tons of sugar for herself. In addition, the Soviets last spring tripled their purchases of Polish sugar (to 151,000 tons). When Giersek asked permission to make smaller or later deliveries, Moscow refused.

The country remained calm last week, but, as one West German businessman in Warsaw observed, "You have the feeling the place could explode any minute." To avert new violence, Giersek has promised to conduct "a frank, open dialogue" with the public about his food policy. Just in case that should fail, he has also canceled military leaves so that Polish forces can maintain a state of semi-alert.



PARTY CHIEF GIERSEK

HOSING DOWN THE SUGAR BEETS



MILESTONES

Seeking Divorce. Jill Townsend, 31, American actress, from Nicol Williamson, 38, crown prince of the British stage, whom she met in 1965 when she played his daughter in *Inadmissible Evidence* on Broadway; after five years of marriage; one son; in London.

Died. William Redfield, 49, veteran TV, stage and screen actor whose estimated 2,000 performances included playing Harding in the Academy Award-winning film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; of a respiratory ailment complicated by leukemia; in Manhattan. The son of a music arranger and a Ziegfeld Follies chorus girl. Redfield played ten roles on Broadway before he was 20. He later wrote about the theater—*Letters From an Actor* (1967)—and with Lee Strasberg and Elia Kazan helped found the Actors Studio.

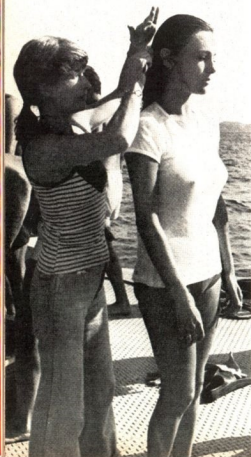
Died. William D. Geer, 70, who came to Time Inc. from Yale in 1929, and in the course of his long and varied career was editor of *The March of Time*, general manager of FORTUNE, and from 1943 to 1949, its publisher; of a stroke; in Gilsum, N.H.

Died. Alastair Sim, 75, doleful-visaged British actor of stage and screen; of cancer; in London. During a marvelous 50 years of playing bedeviled headmasters, bungling sleuths and dotty bishops (he officiated at Peter O'Toole's wedding in *The Ruling Class*). Sim deftly dodged interviews. But he once let it be known that it was revealed to him "many years ago with conclusive certainty that I was a fool and that I had always been a fool. Since then I have been as happy as any man has a right to be."

Died. Dr. Willard Cole Rappleye, 84, dean of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons (1931-51), who helped the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center to develop into one of the nation's great hospitals; in Manhattan. Rappleye got his M.D. *magna cum laude* from Harvard Medical School in 1918, worked in various hospitals in California and the Northeast, and taught hospital administration. Named dean of the medical faculty at Columbia at 39, he was a forward-looking educator who adapted the medical curriculum to keep pace with medical progress. In 1961, concerned with the disintegration of services in New York City's municipal hospitals, he arranged for the hospitals to become affiliated with the city's medical colleges. He insisted that medicine should be "a social as well as a biological science" and preferred a medical student with "a rounded capacity for life" to "one whose only view of humanity was gained as he passed from one laboratory to another."



CHANNING & BURNS HUSTLE UP AN ACT



He's 80 and still kicking, and just to prove it, Comedian **George Burns** paired up with Singer-Actress **Carol Channing** last week and took to the dance floor. George, who has just written a new book titled *Living It Up, or, They Still Love Me in Altoona*, had come to New York on a stage tour with Channing, 53, and at a preshow party in Manhattan, the two showed their style with some bump and hustle. Well, sort of. "Carol was doing the hustle, but I was still doing the peabody. When I like something, I stick to it," noted Burns. "The only ones who can still dance the peabody are **Jimmy Cagney** and myself." Pause. "He's very nice to dance with."

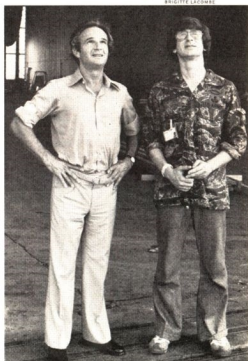
After attending a Broadway revival of the musical *Gypsy* and *Dolls* last Friday, **Richard Burton**, 50, announced that he was staging a rerun of his own. Next afternoon, he took blonde, leggy British model **Susan Hunt**, as his third wife. Burton, who won a quickie Haitian divorce from his two-time wife **Elizabeth Taylor** in July, and Hunt, recently divorced from British Race Car Driver **James ("The Shunt") Hunt**, were married in Arlington, Va. Less exotic than his last wedding reception (Burton and Taylor celebrated their remarriage in Botswana last October with two hippos in attendance), the modest guest list in Arlington included Hunt's erstwhile escort **Brooke Williams**.

"I really don't know what's happening. I just sing for my own amazement," says **George Savalas**, 46, curly-haired kid brother of TV's **Telly Savalas**, 52. George, who usually plays harried Detective Sergeant Stavros on the *Kojak* series, has been playing to New York nightclub audiences lately—all thanks to an album of Greek folk tunes that he recorded last April. Judging from Savalas' enthusiasm after one performance, he may have brighter prospects as a café crooner than a TV cop. Says he: "I was walking four feet off the ground and singing like a cannon." A cannon? "Like a cannon and a bird."

From the look of it, Veteran Actress **Jacqueline Bisset** is finally in over her head. During six weeks on *The Deep*, a new movie based on Author **Peter Benchley's** tale of treasure hunting off Bermuda, Bisset has spent much of her time in scuba gear under 80 ft. of water. Apart from some nasty jellyfish stings, the actress's worst moment came during a subaqueous scene with Co-Star **Nick Nolte** (that called for her to lose her mouthpiece and head for the surface.

"His bubbles came up from beneath me and I couldn't see anything," she recalled. "I kept trying to find the damn regulator and for a couple of seconds I thought, 'Uh-oh, this is a damn silly way to go.'" Adds Bisset unnecessarily: "I'm not a very good swimmer."

"It's a kind of pleasure of limited responsibility," muses **François Truffaut**, 44, considering his film role in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Having coped with heavier duties as a director (*Jules and Jim*, *The Story of Adele H.*), Truffaut is now appearing in his first American movie as an actor, under the direction of **Steven Spielberg**, 28, Hollywood's hottest prodigy (*Jaws*). The



TRUFFAUT & SPIELBERG CONSIDER THE STARS

new film, which depicts an encounter between earthlings and extraterrestrial beings, is being shot in elaborate secrecy at an abandoned Air Force hangar in Mobile, Ala. So far the secrecy seems to suit Spielberg just fine. "Directing a movie with Truffaut on the set," he says, "is like having Renoir around when you're still painting by numbers."

Peter O'Toole is Roman Emperor Tiberius, **Malcolm McDowell** is the Emperor Caligula—but Author **Gore Vidal** is the kingfish when it comes to his newest screen project. "It's called *Gore Vidal's Caligula* and not just *Caligula*, since that gives me some control," he says of the film now being produced in

PEOPLE



RICHARD BURTON & SUSAN HUNT ON THE MORN OF THEIR MARRIAGE

Italy by **Franco Rossellini**. Still, in a rare lapse from his usual impermeable poise, the screenwriter confessed, "Control entails responsibility, and sometimes I just don't know what's going on." Vidal expects his appearance on TV's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, which he will film in Hollywood next month, will prove less perplexing. "To understand Mary Hartman is to understand America," he said. "If Tiberius had watched the show, he would still be alive today."

"I was the object of his jealousy, violent and without limits. Friends and family, even memories became a threat to our relationship." So writes Actress **Liv Ullmann**, 37, describing life with Swedish Film Maker **Ingmar Bergman**. Liv's recollections of her former lover, current director (*Face to Face*) and the father of her daughter Linn, 9, are published this week in her autobiography titled *The Change*. If Ullmann takes a sharp focus on Bergman, she is equally exacting about some other famous men she has met. Among them: Soviet Party Chief **Leonid Brezhnev**, Foreign Minister **Andrei Gromyko** and former President **Richard Nixon**, all of whom sat down to dinner with the actress one night. Reports Liv: "Gromyko is pale, but blushes every time his name is mentioned. Brezhnev looks vain, but I like him immediately when he takes my hand and says he loves *The Emigrants*. Nixon's makeup is melting, and I feel sorry for him. He would have made a marvelous tragic figure in a Bergman film, had he been a better actor."

After playing a twelve-year-old hooker in *Taxi Driver*, a child murderer in *Little Girl Who Lives Down the*

Lane and a gangster's moll in *Bugsy Malone*, Actress **Jodie Foster** is finally cleaning up her act. Her new role: a tomboy heiress in a Walt Disney kid flick titled *Candlehoe*. Now on location at Stratford-upon-Avon, Foster has been skate boarding for fun and profiting from her work on the set with Co-Stars **David Niven** and **Helmut Berger**. "I don't feel comfortable working with children," pipes Foster, 13, who appeared with some 200 child actors in *Bugsy Malone*. "Sure, they learn their lines quick, but their timing is so different. With adults," she adds loftily, "you give a better performance."

If you like them onstage, you'll love them on the screen. At least that's the hope of moviemakers who are now trying to turn ballet stars into box office draws at the cinema. In Spain, Dancer **Rudolf Nureyev**, 38, has stepped into the role of legendary screen lover in **Ken Russell's** film *Valentino*. His sole dancing assignment in the film: a 1920s tango. At the same time in New York, fellow Kirov Defector **Mikhail Baryshnikov** has tried a few lines of his own in *The Turning Point*, a ballet movie featuring **Misha, 28**, and **Leslie Browne, 19**, as a pair of dancer-lovers. For Browne, a last-minute stand-in for ailing **Gelsey Kirkland**, the movies are a *grand jeté* from obscurity in the corps of **George Balanchine's** New York City Ballet. To ease her jitters, Partner Baryshnikov has played the cheerful clown, and even nibbled at her ears backstage. "I was terrified at first," she confessed last week, "but it's worn off now."

JODIE FOSTER ROLLS INTO DISNEYLAND



BARYSHNIKOV BITES BROWNE



ALLAN CARR STARTS DAY ON THE PHONE FROM HIS LAKE-SIZE BED

SHOW BUSINESS

The Gatsby of Benedict Canyon

The hottest movie in the U.S. right now is *Survive!* In three weeks it has grossed \$6 million, and it may rank with the nastiest 90 minutes ever to appear on the screen.

Survive! is a quickie rip-off of a quickie rip-off. Exploiting the 1972 plane crash in the Andes in which 16 of the 45 Uruguayans aboard survived by eating the flesh of those who had died, a Mexican company brought out an instant tamale version of the saga. Allan Carr, 39, an epicene Hollywood talent manager and promoter, snapped up the film for \$500,000.

For less than \$500,000, Carr reshot the original negative through netting and filters so that the snow would not look quite so much like the whitewashed cornflakes of the original. He spliced in stock avalanche footage, inserted some cretinous English dialogue (sample: "There's no food left... What are we going to do?"), added a bombastic score, and cut the original by about one-third. The film is ignoble, demeaning humok. Nevertheless, Paramount has spent \$1 million to promote it.

Survival, if by less dire means, is a subject for which Allan Carr has near-Andean credentials. He was hopelessly show-biz-struck as a kid named Alan Solomon in suburban Highland Park, Ill. At 21 he changed his last name and the spelling of his first. He landed a job as general manager of Chicago's Civic Theater, staging such productions as *The World of Carl Sandburg*, with Bette Davis and Gary Merrill. "I also flew in Carl Sandburg," Carr recalls superciliously, "who brought a little carton of goat's milk." The aspiring entrepreneur ar-

rived in Hollywood in 1961, only to endure some lean years: the leaner they got, the fatter he got. Gradually Carr's drive, persistence and imagination began paying off. He became personal manager for a string of luminaries who now include Ann-Margret, Nancy Walker, Peter Sellers, Sonny Bono, Composer Marvin Hamlisch and a dog named Gus, alias Won Ton Ton.

Glamorous Roles. "In a way," says Carr, "I am like a career doctor. I look at somebody, and I become an analyst of everything from what they wear to what they want out of the business." What Nancy Walker wanted was her own show. "Would two years be good enough?" asked Allan. When he heard that Producer Norman Lear "had a fantasy about doing a series concerning a show-biz lady," he got Walker the starring role—the series is called *The Nancy Walker Show* and will premiere next month. At the moment, Carr is helping Ann-Margret shed the beat-up image she acquired from *Carnal Knowledge* and *Tommy*. She is making two movies and has signed for a third, in all of which she plays glamorous roles.

Try as he might, however, Carr remained a 310-lb. flop on the social circuit. As his old friend and sometime business partner, ex-Actor Roger Smith (Ann-Margret's husband), puts it, "He was just not pleasant to look at." On Smith's advice, Carr underwent an operation that tied off 18 ft. of intestines and helped to pare his 5-ft. 7-in. frame to a relatively sylphlike 210 lbs.

Carr has become a character in his own right. He is defiantly recognizable, with his tiny brown curls permed by Vidal Sassoon, his collection of kaftans, kimonos, velvet suits and diamonds by the yard—all loosely combined in a style he calls "glitterfunk"—he coined the word

himself. On the *dolce vita* circuit, he has become instant Elsa Maxwell, giving lavish bashes such as his star-spangled shindig for Truman Capote at the abandoned Lincoln Heights Jail in downtown Los Angeles (the guests were not invited but subpoenaed). Carr's sumptuous Benedict Canyon house was originally built by David O. Selznick for one of his wives. When Carr throws a party at home, like his blowout for Nureyev with its Stolicznaya-to-balalaika Russian motif, the bottom of the driveway is blocked by 6-ft. 6-in. security guards with 17-in. necks. Their ostensible duty is to usher guests into waiting limousines for the 150-yd. drive to the house.

Inside the lovely Gatsby of Benedict Canyon, say close acquaintances, lurks a morose, tightfisted neurotic who has few real friends. His temper explodes equally at both studio heads and staff members. Clients who are late with their monthly fee get a prompt call from his business office. No one, however—least of all Allan Carr—questions Glitterfunk's ability to revivify glamour in a Hollywood whose current denizens are more preoccupied with soybean futures than scintillation. Carr's reputation may survive *Survive!*, particularly if his movie production of *Grease*, the musical that has been running for 4½ years in Manhattan, is as lubricantly lubricious as he claims it will be. Says he: "I have a dream of opening a Broadway show and having it run right around the corner from a movie I have produced." The Broadway show could even be a musical version of *Survive!*

The King Leaks

After a troublesome nine-month gestation, King Kong is alive and well and going through toilet training in Hollywood. The 40-ft. star of Dino De Laurentiis' \$22 million ape epic made his public debut at MGM's back lot and, considering that his innards are almost as complex as those of a Polaris missile, the king showed surprisingly few kinks. (The ape whose death was staged last June at Manhattan's World Trade Center for the film's final scene was a Styrofoam stand-in.)

Weighing in at a trim 6½ tons, with a 20-ft. chest and 20-ft. arm span, the \$2 million anthropoid is animated by 4,500 ft. of electrical wiring, 3,100 ft. of hydraulic hose and 50 hydraulic jacks that control his movements. The critics may term his acting mechanical, but at least the bionic baboon has seven distinct facial expressions, which is six more than the bionic man can claim. Kong's most embarrassing problem: because of leaky jacks, a steady stream of fluid oozes down his right leg.

The Paramount movie will be released at 1,000 theaters just before Christmas. Then Kong will go into rehearsal for the sequel, *King Kong in Africa*. By that time, perhaps, someone will have devised a Kong-size diaper.

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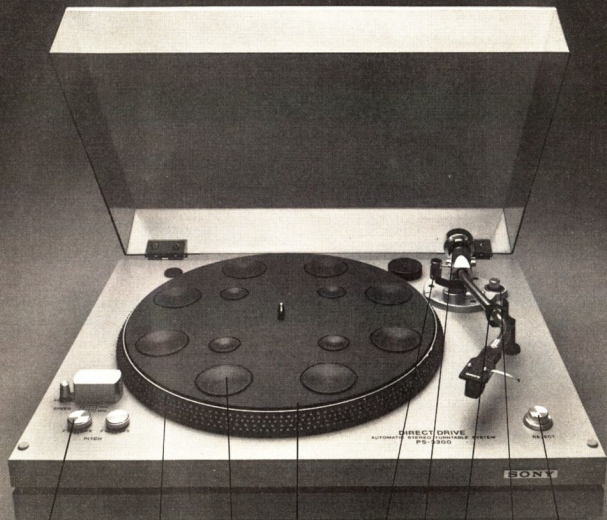
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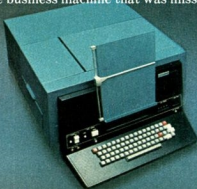
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Jai Alai Moves North

For most New Englanders, the correct pronunciation of jai alai was, like a suntan, something acquired on vacation in Florida. Since early this summer, however, when the sport made its first foray north with the opening of two jai alai frontons, or arenas, in Connecticut, bettors have learned to say *hi-lie* quite properly—and, for the state, very profitably. Nearly \$1 million a day pours through the betting windows at Hartford and Bridgeport from capacity crowds newly hooked on the world's fastest game and the fast buck.

Jai alai, a three-walled version of handball, originated in the Basque region of the Pyrenees during the 17th century, and remained unchanged until the sport crossed the Atlantic and became the object of parimutuel betting. Jai alai was adapted to the requirements of the \$2 windows around Miami, where it has been popular for 50 years. The eight players wear the numbers of the eight post positions on their jerseys. The march onto the court that opens each game resembles nothing so much as a parade of horses to the starting gate. Matches are either singles or doubles.

A game, played until one side accumulates seven points, rarely takes more than 15 minutes, instead of the hours-long battles of strategy and endurance that mark the original, 35-point version. Even the long Basque names of the players, such as Francisco Maria Churrua Iriondo have been shortened to one name only in the hope that they will fall trippingly from the wagerer's tongue. But crowds still shout "Come on, Three!" rather than "Do it, Churrua." Exotic betting possibilities like quinnells and perfectas win out over personalities in the wallet.

Groupie Pits. The beauty and ferocious speed of the sport have survived despite the transmutation. With long wicker baskets called *cestas* strapped to their arms, the players catch and in a single, fluid motion hurl the *pelota* toward a 40-ft. granite front wall. The *pelota*—three-fourths the size of a baseball and harder than a golf ball—caroms toward the 176-ft.-long side wall or arcs toward the back wall at speeds of up to 150 m.p.h. To spectators safe behind a wire screen, the ball seems to fly fast but true. A *cesta* is ribbed, however, and the patterned wicker puts more English on the ball than can be found in most freshman college classes. It is as though Nolan Ryan's 101-m.p.h. fastball had suddenly turned into a 150-m.p.h. knuckleball. The players dart to line up the angle, leap for the catch and, elbow locked, sweep the ball back to the wall.

The combination of high-speed action and the potential for a big payoff has led to a jai alai craze in Connect-

icut. Bridgeport and Hartford have overflowing frontons six nights a week. Afternoon matches have been added; these, too, play to capacity crowds. On the night of Hurricane Belle, 1,000 patrons showed up for jai alai in Hartford although the management had deferred to the storm and canceled the program.

The atmosphere is different in the two towns. In Bridgeport, a gritty industrial town 50 miles from New York City, the crowd is a mix of short-sleeved factory workers and high-rollers from New York. Sedate Hartford, a city that retires so early that players can find only two restaurants open when they leave the fronton, seems to have found a long-needed outlet in jai alai. An ovation greets the players each time they march out, the fronton's two "pits"—two standing-room areas closest to the court—are filled with jai alai groupies squealing for their favorites.

The lines at the betting windows are long in both cities. The Hartford fronton had originally hoped for a wagering handle of \$30 million during the seven-month season. The take topped that figure after 90 of 229 dates. Hartford aficionado, Engineer Frank Mirmina, likes the action on the court and on the tote

board. Said Mirmina: "It's like watching an N.F.L. game that isn't decided until the final 20 seconds. You're not out of it until it's over."

Jai alai's future would seem to be secure if the enthusiasm of Mirmina's eleven-year-old son Michael is an indication. Using his mother's breadbasket for a *cesta*, he practices throwing rubber balls at the garage. Says Michael: "I wish they had a midget jai alai league here. It's better than midget football."

Telling It Tough

There is nothing so rare as a good evening of exhibition football on television, except possibly an intelligent pregame show. Fans will find both when they tune in the Super Bowl rematch between Pittsburgh and Dallas on Aug. 28. Before the game, ABC will air not the usual image-burnishing salute to the sport but a realistic study of football as a way of making a living (8 p.m. E.D.T.). *It's Tough to Make It in This League* neither glosses over the problems players face nor flogs the cliché of football as a paradigm of society's ills.

The action begins with shots of seven-year-olds running blocking drills. The work of football begins early. So do the clichés. Says a coach, watching his 4-ft. prospects bang heads: "The boy who is really sincere about the game of football—he loves contact."

The most effective scenes are about the college draft. Director Paul Galan focuses on University of Virginia Quarterback Scott Gardner. He is seen at the Senior Bowl, an exhibition that Narrator Walt Garrison calls "a flesh market for the N.F.L. [and] a forest of eyes"—the eyes, of course, belonging to pro scouts. Last year was a bad one for quarterbacks, but Gardner did not know how bad until he waited by his scarlet phone on draft day. The first round—worth at least \$100,000 a year to any player—passed. By the eighth pick, when a Buffalo p.r. man called and said unenthusiastically that they were glad to have him, Gardner's excitement was gone.

It's Tough emphasizes the precariousness of a pro career, particularly the likelihood of injuries. Dr. James Nicholas, engineer of Joe Namath's knees, notes "the turmoil on the field" and the injuries that inevitably result. He deadpans: "Players are like human beings in this regard." If the show glamorizes anything, it is the survivor. There is a cheerful sequence about the Washington Redskins' "over-the-hill gang" who are much livelier than the glum recruits at the Senior Bowl. The program's strength lies in such vignettes. The viewer may end up agreeing with the good doctor that the armored monsters who will fill the home screen in coming months are "just like human beings."

LEAPING FOR THE PELOTA IN HARTFORD



The Made-for-TV Convention

Tom Ellis felt doublecrossed. It was nearly 2 a.m., and the chairman of the North Carolina delegation had asked for a roll-call vote on a pro-Reagan foreign policy amendment to the Republican platform, when pro-Ford Convention Chairman John Rhodes ordered a voice vote and gavelled the session to a close. Reagan delegations exploded in anger. Screamed Ellis: "Railroaded! You have broken the rules!" It was one of the most dramatic moments of last week's Republican National Convention.

Except the nation never saw it. CBS's Lesley Stahl ran up, shouting "Mister, who are you?" and other network reporters witnessed Ellis' rage. But the TV

cameras had already homed in on the anchor men for closing comments. Much of the week was like that. In spectacular contrast to last month's Democratic Convention, the early part of the Republican gathering was so laced with suspense, color, passion and occasional humor that the show seen on the tube was far hotter than a made-for-television movie.

Too many of the convention's best moments, however, came while television looked the other way. All three networks missed seeing Vice President Nelson Rockefeller set off a near fistfight when he grabbed a North Carolina delegate's Reagan placard. While New

York Senator Jacob Javits delivered the week's lone liberal address, and Reagan delegates broke into noisy disapproval, NBC Anchor Men John Chancellor and David Brinkley contemplated a souvenir towel from the 1968 convention. With few thoughtful exceptions in the anchor booths—ABC's George McGovern on the vice presidency, CBS's brisk Bill Moyers on virtually anything, Walter Cronkite on mercifully little for a change—television proved once again that it explains less effectively than it informs.

Not that the three networks did not try. Altogether they spent some \$12 million in Kansas City, and accounted for nearly one-fifth of the 9,500 journalists and support troops. CBS alone assembled a fleet of 400 rental cars for its staff of 650. NBC finished off a half-built Kansas City apartment building for some of its people and imported seven vans full of furniture from Raleigh, N.C. Even ABC, which devoted only 60% as much air time to the convention as its competitors, put up a 300-ft.-long structure (dubbed "the Bridge on the River Kwai") to carry cables into the Kemper Arena.

Brisk Escort. The networks trained their combined force of 84 cameras in and around the arena on almost anything that moved, including the delegate, late Tuesday night, who brandished a hand-lettered sign that read: JANET, ORDER ME TWO EGGS AND COFFEE. I'LL BE THERE IN 30 MINUTES. Then there was Delegate Dene Pace of Corinth, Miss., who told Mike Wallace on CBS that she had waited for "a vision from the Lord" before making up her mind, and that the Lord had just sent word—"Ford."

Television also captured a few incidents that might not have taken place had it not been for its power. When Ford Campaign Chairman Rogers Morton said he was unable to reach the trou-

MIKE WALLACE INTERVIEWING COPE MOYERS (LEFT), JOHN WOLFF & MATTHEW MUDD



NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

Politics for Turned-Off People

Political conventions may not be as crass and boss-ridden as they once were, but they are just as synthetic in an up-to-date show-biz way. Newsmen used to armor themselves against the hokum by reporting it in the cynically fond style of amused outrage made popular by H.L. Mencken. That tone is harder to sustain these days, and a good many reporters and editors are now asking whether they are covering conventions in the right way.

Being themselves political buffs, journalists are fascinated by the contending ambitions that shape the "great game of politics" (a phrase that badly needs restudy). But aware of their own impatience during boring stretches of both 1976 conventions, they may wonder about the public's reaction. Can it be that there now exists a two-tiered public response to politics as well as to baseball: a few political fans who will follow the fight over rule 16c as avidly as baseball nuts study

box scores, while everybody else is at best only tepidly curious to hear how the game finally came out?

That question most expensively troubles television. A mere 30% of the nation's sets were tuned to the Republicans on the first night of the convention, though this was a slight gain over the Democrats' 26%. Is gavel to gavel (even with all the interspersed commercials) worth it for NBC and its advertised "team of 550"? As competitive sports go, the Olympics far outdrew the conventions. Of course, networks have other motives. Conventions are their most conspicuous "public service"; they are also television's own Olympics, with their news departments' prestige at stake. Besides, there is the adrenaline of it: a fatiguing 12-hour day watching over his loyal floor men from a swivel-chaired aerie has to be as heady for Walter Cronkite as describing five blast-offs into space. Yet all the feats of gadgetry, all the energetic floor work went largely to waste during last week's noisy and frequently mindless prime-time demonstrations.

Print journalists used to pride themselves on reporting the sober but important convention decisions that the rest-

THE PRESS

bled Mississippi delegation by telephone, CBS's Dan Rather briskly escorted him across the floor. Morton was half way there before he thought better of it and escaped. While the Mississippi delegation caucused in a CBS trailer, Mike Wallace was locked outside, but three young CBS pages inside—sons of Commentator Moyers, Correspondent Roger Mudd and Producer Perry Wolff—took in every word. They were deprived of a major scoop only because the delegation failed to reach an agreement.

The electronic push into the business of the convention did not go unnoticed—or unpunished. Just before the balloting on rule 16c, Temporary Convention Chairman Robert Dole ordered reporters off the floor, while the delegates cheered. CBS Floor Producer Don Hewitt immediately phoned Dole to protest, but television reporters and their bulky equipment were not back clogging the aisles at full strength for nearly an hour. When NBC Reporter Tom Pettit's earphone antenna was banged and bent by an unidentified flying object during a Wednesday-night Ford demonstration, David Brinkley remarked: "You get ten points for hitting a reporter. There have been conventions in the past where you got 20 points."

Old Distrust. Despite a few anti-press outbursts, the Sunbelt Republicans, who provided most of the convention action, appeared to have outgrown their old distrust of the Eastern-based networks. "They have discovered what protesting students and blacks discovered a decade ago," concluded Columnist Joseph Kraft. "They have come to know how to play media games." Indeed, in many ways the convention was a manipulated-for-TV event. President Ford and Ronald Reagan scheduled their arrivals in Kansas City to ensure live coverage on the ABC and CBS pre-convention specials. The



"It could've been worse—the delegates weren't armed."

Ford forces posted two men in trailers just outside the arena to furnish pro-Ford luminaries for interviews with network floor reporters.

The reporters, pressing for news breaks, were themselves pressed. "I can't move, I can't breathe, I can't see, I can't talk. This is awful," muttered ABC's Ann Compton as she tried to swim upstream through a crowded aisle. Compton rose to the occasion, beating her colleagues to several good interviews, including one with Rockefeller just after the Vice President's scuffle. Trouble was, her producers chose not to use it, a common frustration for floor reporters. ABC's Sam Donaldson, unable to sell his control room an interview with one politician, quickly called in another possibility: "Hello! Hello! Here comes Senator Baker! Wanna do something with Howard Baker?"

NBC's Douglas Kiker fought his way to Betty Ford in a dead heat with CBS's Sylvia Chase, but gracefully let her go first. Even NBC's Pettit, a raging bull at Madison Square Garden last month, was a model of courtliness, standing patiently while Mudd of CBS beat him to

an interview with former Missouri Representative Thomas Curtis. "The kind of abrasiveness that was customary and sometimes necessary in 1968 is out of place now," explained Dan Rather. "We're a little cooler headed."

Whether this new politeness will survive until 1980, and whether convention coverage has by now frozen into a mold, are open questions. "We have reached such a point of sophistication that the changes become less major every four years," says CBS Executive Producer Ross Bensley. "We won't change, but the parties might," predicts NBC Executive Producer Gordon Manning. "Do they really need four days?"

Peculiar Way. No matter how many days they will need in 1980, some viewers will probably find the national political conventions to be little more enlightening than other made-for-television productions. "It's a noisy, big show and a very peculiar way to choose your leader," sniffed one biased observer in Kansas City last week. Novosti Press Agency Correspondent Gene Gerashin. "In my country, we have our conventions in the daytime."

less television cameras ignored. They found precious little to pick over this time, when primaries and advance delegate counts had correctly foretold the results, and conventions served largely to ratify the relative strengths of rival factions. As Ken Galbraith looked lankily down on the serried ranks of pressmen, few of them even taking notes, he wondered aloud how any free-enterprising businessman would regard all that time and money spent for so little result.

Newspaper editors had to wonder too. The New York Times, which gallantly runs page after page of important foreign policy documents, feels no such compulsion at conventions; even the keynote speech is reduced to excerpts. The Times, says Deputy Managing Editor Seymour Topping, aims to set before its readers—expert and nonexpert—a "high quality smorgasbord"; that way, presumably, the reader on the run can find enough nourishment without having to sample every dish. Jim Hoge, the Chicago Sun-Times editor, drastically cut back his paper's coverage and space on the second day of the Democratic Convention, convinced that readers

and viewers have "a sensory understanding" that conventions are so unreal that "even the fights are carefully staged."

Are voters not only turned off but also tuned out? Not according to Pollster Lou Harris, who was at the convention to make quickie cameo appearances on ABC. He draws a distinction between what he calls the politics of "disconnect" and the politics of apathy. The public feels disconnected from the political leadership it has been getting, he believes, but has paid attention to, and has been much marked by, the tumultuous political events of recent years.

This ought to reassure editors who are uncomfortable with the notion that political coverage is "good" for their readers but unwanted by them. The real drama of this campaign year—the runaway victory of Carter, the strong challenge by Reagan—has been anything but dull, and the action is about to get livelier. It is not the same mixture as before, and cannot be covered in the old way. If Harris reads the public mood correctly, it is one of skepticism, not apathy. There is a curiosity out there—waiting to be satisfied. Whatever their misgivings, editors are right to press political news on their readers.

Legal and Unsafe

The drug culture's quest for the perfect legal high has created a bewildering range of alternatives to marijuana—beyond the reach of the law but sometimes of dubious effectiveness or safety. Psychopharmacologist Ronald K. Siegel, 33, of U.C.L.A.'s School of Medicine reports in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that at least 192 herbs are commercially available and used for smoking, either already prepared as cigarettes or sold loose for "roll your own" and pipe addicts. Many are come-ons containing nothing stronger than backyard greenery, but Siegel has found 44% to contain psychoactive substances that can alter behavior and sometimes make the user ill.

Many of the cigarettes are imported from India, some under the name of Mint Bidis. These contain thorn apple, a common term for the botanist's *Datura stramonium*, also known as Jimson weed. It can be highly poisonous in large doses and yields strong hallucinatory drugs. One patient, who arrived at the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute in a confused state, out of touch with reality, had smoked six to eight Mint Bidis a day for a week; he needed three days to recover. Another, who had smoked about ten in three hours, had the same reaction but recovered within 24 hours. Hare Rama Bidis are an Indian import made from an Asian tobacco that contains up to ten times as much nicotine as the tobacco used in U.S. cigarettes.

For tea highs, Siegel reports an even more abundant choice: he examined 396 herbs and spices available singly or blended. Although 43 of them contain psychoactive agents, most are so weak

that only heavy overindulgence is likely to produce mental effects requiring medical treatment. Yet one California tea tripper who made his own brew from Jimson weed "had hallucinations with scenes of demons, devils and voodoo people chasing him." He wandered barefoot in the woods for hours, over nettles and thorns that lacerated his feet and left them bloody, but felt no pain. He set fires to keep away the voodoo people, which led to his rescue by a forest ranger. A longtime LSD user, he told the doctors that his tea high was the worst ever.

By coincidence, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has recently tightened its regulations and now prohibits the sale of teas made from sassafras if they still contain its essential oil, safrole, a suspected cause of cancer. But not one of the plethora of regulatory agencies in Washington appears to have responsibility for the hundreds of other teas and smokes that are freely peddled in health-food stores and "head shops." The FDA says the teas are not sold as foods and are therefore beyond its jurisdiction. The Federal Trade Commission, unaware of false advertising, does not contemplate any action. Neither does the Drug Enforcement Administration. So far, only the doctors who have to cope with the stoned victims seem concerned.

Capsules

► The vast majority of human beings have two sex chromosomes: women have two of the X type, which guarantees their femaleness; men have one X (from mother) and a Y (from father). The Y, a tiny, misshapen bit of genetic material, overpowers the X and determines maleness—but little else, al-

though it is widely believed that masculinity includes aggressive tendencies. Nature sometimes slips the conceptus an extra Y to produce an XYY male, almost certain to be well above average height. Because a disproportionately high number of XYYs were found in penal institutions, studies beginning in the 1960s suggested that they may be prone to aggressive criminality. It has taken a decade and a large-scale study by twelve Danish and American experts to refine that simplistic theory. The researchers report in *Science* that they tracked down males born in Copenhagen during four years (1944-47) and chromosome-typed 4,139 who grew to 184 cm. (approximately 6 ft.) or more. The XYYs among them numbered 2.9 per 1,000 and included proportionately more who had been convicted of crimes than did the general population: 42%, as against 9.3%. But surprisingly few of the XYYs' offenses involved aggression. The research team's conclusions: the XYY abnormality is likely to lead to lower intelligence and perhaps to some lawbreaking, usually petty. But whatever the offenses, they do not appear to result from a simple excess of aggression.

► The fear of breast cancer among American women is understandably great. As the commonest cause of death among women, it kills 32,000 yearly in the U.S., and any report of increased risk raises the level of alarm. This happened last week when the *New England Journal of Medicine* published a report that women who take estrogen drugs after the menopause to replace natural hormones run a greater risk of breast cancer than others. The cautionary conclusion was based on a study of 1,891 Louisville women. Of those studied, 1,028 or slightly more than half, had had their ovaries removed. Overall, the doctors treating the women diagnosed 49 cases of breast cancer; only 39 would have been expected in the general population.

The authors, headed by Dr. Robert Hoover of the National Cancer Institute, conceded that the statistics must be examined with caution. But the general conclusion was clear: while the incidence of breast cancer changes imperceptibly if at all during the first few years on estrogen medication, it may rise sharply after ten years and it almost doubles after 15 years. But duration of treatment is not the only factor. The doses taken and the dosage schedule are also important. Harvard Gynecologist Robert Kistner reviewed the latest report judiciously. "Estrogen must be used selectively in postmenopausal women," he said. "Only patients with definite symptoms of estrogen deficiency should be given the medication, and then only in the lowest possible doses. The Louisville report does not indicate a cause-and-effect relationship. More definitive studies are needed." Unfortunately, those may take years.



"Another thing. Let's lay off the health foods for a while."

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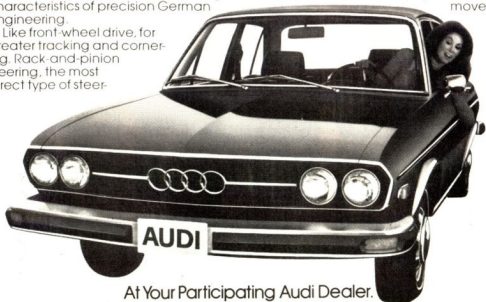
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America is at the brink of a new opportunity. Even after the sobering events of recent years we have reason for inspiration and hope. For throughout our history, our nation has been sustained by two factors: the inherent greatness of the American people, and a system of government that has now endured for 200 years.

We can look forward to a government that's open and responsive once again. A government that's concerned with the needs of all, not just the elite. A government that operates efficiently and effectively. We have the desire and the knowledge to achieve these goals. All we lack is executive leadership with vision and compassion and ability to direct us. That leadership will come from Democrats Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale.

JIMMY CARTER will work to strip away the secrecy in government, to expose the pressure of lobbyists, to eliminate waste, to release our civil servants from bureaucratic chaos, and to provide tough management. He's already proved that he can accomplish these reforms as Governor of Georgia. Through a comprehensive sunshine law, he opened government meetings to the press and the people. He relentlessly fought special interests and launched reforms in areas of mental health, education, racial discrimination, criminal justice, consumerism



and environmental protection. He orchestrated a hard-nosed reorganization of the state's bureaucracy. He vastly increased services to the poor, the aged, the deprived and afflicted. He will do the same as President. Jimmy Carter has the vision, experience, competence and vigor to bring out the best in our government, and our people.

WALTER MONDALE has repeatedly expressed deep concern for the individual through 12 years of positive action in the U.S. Senate. He has authored legislation designed to guarantee equal opportunities for all people, to fight for a clean environment, to improve education and nutrition programs for young and old, and to eliminate military waste while preserving a strong national defense. He has used his position on both the Senate Finance Committee and Budget Committee to guarantee that public monies are well spent for the benefit of all Americans.

Together Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale will see that a Democratic Administration works in harmony with Congress to achieve the changes we need:

TAX REFORM: To move toward a truly fair and simple tax system, with reduced tax rates for the average American.

REORGANIZATION: To reorganize completely the executive branch of government,

h our country that strong, e leadership can't change.

making it fair, efficient, effective and responsive to our people's needs.

WELFARE REFORM: To establish a streamlined, simplified and fair welfare system with strong work incentives that promote family stability. To take those able to work out of the welfare system and provide them with job training and a job.

THE ECONOMY: To get the economy moving again by providing a job for every American who wants to work and by bringing inflation under control.

HEALTH CARE: To establish a comprehensive national health program which will make adequate health care a right for all people, be universal in scope and preserve the private relationship between doctor and patient.

AGRICULTURE: To develop an agriculture policy which insures farmers a predictable and fair return for their labor, yet is fair to the American consumer. To avoid the Republican policy of embargoes on farm products, and aggressively develop our export markets abroad.

ENERGY: To establish a coherent energy policy, by increasing emphasis on coal production and research on renewable sources of energy such as solar, wind and geothermal. To provide the leadership necessary for an effective voluntary conservation program.



ARMS CONTROL: To reduce world dependence on weapons and to act aggressively to limit and ultimately eliminate the threat of nuclear destruction in all nations.

FOREIGN POLICY: To stop treating our allies as if they were our adversaries. To make it clear that detente is a two-way street. To promote human rights abroad and to deal affirmatively with the social and economic problems of the developing world.

If you agree that drastic reforms must be made in the way this country is run; if you want to remove the walls that separate us from our government; if you want to restore integrity and responsibility in the United States government, you have only one choice on November 2, and that choice is for change. Vote Democratic. Vote for Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale.

JIMMY CARTER WALTER MONDALE

Leaders, for a change.

Of all filter 100's: Lucky 100's are lowest in tar!

Actually 65% lower
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*Lucky 100's "tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
Brand M "tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.0 mg.
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*Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The Name's the Thing

What's in a name? For a politician—votes, that's what. The name Kennedy wins elections in Massachusetts; Taft does it in Ohio. In Illinois, Stevenson—coupled with Adlai, of course—is a good bet; and Brown breeds governors in California. But in Texas, the game of political names calls for a Yarbrough, a cognomen that has meant liberal votes in the Lone Star State for a generation. Ralph Yarbrough, 73, was in the Senate from 1957 to 1971. Another Yarbrough, Donald H., 50, a Houston lawyer and no relation, ran unsuccessfully three times for Governor and almost beat John Connally in 1962.

Last May many Texas liberals went to the polls believing they had an opportunity to back another true-blue Yarbrough in the Democratic primary contest for a state supreme court seat. They were wrong—in a Texas-size way. Houston Attorney Donald B. Yarbrough, 35, won because too many voters apparently failed to notice that he lacked two prerequisites: a second o in his surname and, more important, qualifications—liberal or otherwise. A born-again Baptist, Yarbrough attributes his victory to God's

CANDIDATE DONALD B. YARBROUGH



FORMER U.S. SENATOR RALPH YARBROUGH



will. Says he: "I can't take credit for it. I lay it all before the feet of Jesus Christ." His opponent, San Antonio Civil Appeals Chief Judge Charles Barrow, has a more mundane explanation: "It's just that name. Why, even the wife of one of my county campaign managers voted for him, thinking he was one of the other Yarbroughs."

Barrow campaigned extensively on his record of 17 years on the bench and was a 10-to-1 favorite in a poll of Texas Bar Association members. Yarbrough spent \$350 on his campaign, made one speech and beat Barrow with 60% of the vote. Since he is unopposed in the November general election, Yarbrough confidently plans to take his seat on the state supreme court next January.

False Promises. Perhaps not. The Texas bar has recently been learning a lot about Yarbrough's legal abilities—and his courtroom experience as a defendant. While running in the primary, Yarbrough had 13 civil suits against him pending in state and federal courts. Last June, just after his nomination, a Houston jury returned a verdict against him in a suit charging him with malpractice and false promises. Says former Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, now back practicing law in Houston: "From all I can ascertain, he does not have the qualifications to sit on the supreme court." The grievance committee of the Texas bar is now considering recommending formal disbarment proceedings against Yarbrough. Says Committee Head John Teed: "We will leave no stone unturned."

Even if Yarbrough is disbarred, can he be kept off the bench? The state constitution requires only that a supreme court justice be 35 years old and have been a lawyer for ten years; it is mum on whether a justice must be an attorney when he takes his seat. Only the Texas supreme court itself can sort the matter out. Some Texas lawyers are hoping that



TEXAS ATTORNEY DONALD H. YARBROUGH
God's will or just the name game?

THE LAW

the question will never arise. Efforts are under way to find a write-in candidate who can beat Yarbrough in the November election. It will be a long shot. A write-in has never been elected to statewide office in Texas. So some attorneys are hedging their bets by playing the name game. Their prime candidate to beat Yarbrough is a Denton County district judge with the most revered Texas moniker of them all: Sam Houston.

Miller's Method

Juvenile crime surges upward each year. Violent teen-agers terrorize communities. The number of youths arrested for murder, robbery, rape and assault has leaped 254% since 1960. An aroused citizenry, politicians, judges and police are now talking tough. Bills have been proposed in California, Illinois and New York to try "dangerous" teen-agers in adult courts and hit them with adult sentences.

Would such harsh measures work?

One man who insists they will not is Jerome Miller, Pennsylvania commissioner of the office of children and youth. Says he: "Locking up most juveniles is nonsense, unless you intend to keep them in jail until they're 60. The kid locked up is more likely to be trouble once he's freed." Jerry Miller, 45, a pudgy, rumpled ex-Maryknoll seminarian, has acted on that philosophy through seven tumultuous years as a juvenile administrator dedicated to keeping kids out of primitive lockups.

In 1969 Miller, who has a doctorate in social work, became head of Massachusetts' department of youth services and set out to reform the state's Dickensian juvenile prisons. Some 800 teenage inmates were locked in the concrete cottages of 10 institutions, where their keepers could have them kicked, beaten and put into solitary cells called "the tombs." Miller tried to turn these juvenile warehouses into "therapeutic communities" run by staffers who cared about rehabilitation.

But after 15 months of bureaucratic blockades, open warfare with state legislators, and sabotage by entrenched employees, Miller abandoned reform and elected revolution. By the time he was lured away to Illinois in 1973, he had closed down the Bay State's reformatories, scattering inmates among group and foster homes, shelters and day-care centers. Only 120 hard-core delinquents remained confined in the small, "secure" lockups. Said the Boston *Globe* of the Miller revolution: "He has left a legacy of humanity and hope where there had been regimentation and cruelty."

But has the Miller method worked? Researchers at Harvard's Center for Criminal Justice who have studied the new system offer a qualified yes. Over-



MILLER & DELINQUENT OUTSIDE A LOCK-UP
"A legacy of humanity and hope."

all juvenile recidivism rates are still about the same as in 1968—with one significant difference. For delinquents now in "open" experiments, recidivism is 50% less than for those in "secure" programs. Miller had banked on better results, but he claims he proved that "most kids do not have to be locked up."

Miller's strongest critics will not buy that, and there is a growing clamor in the state for more lock-ups. Miller himself has been attacked for being a poor administrator. A legislative audit of his tenure produced 334 pages documenting mismanagement. Miller is alleged to have spent \$65,000 without the legislature's go-ahead, and to have left behind \$600,000 in unpaid bills.

Taking Heat. Miller insists that he had to "go for broke" in order to change things drastically. He has steadfastly stuck to that tactic, and hubbub follows him like a swarm of hornets. When he left Massachusetts to head the Illinois department of child welfare, he soon alienated the state's social workers, put the child welfare system into a swivel, and was forced to resign. But Pennsylvania quickly hired him.

After 18 months in Harrisburg, Miller is already taking a lot of heat for closing down a juvenile prison that housed 400 of the state's toughest youths. Most are now in Massachusetts-style group and foster homes. Though some legislators grumble about Miller's pushy style and say he has yet to provide an alternative to the closed reformatory, he still has Governor Milton Shapp's support. Yet the battle-weary Miller worries about his future. Says he: "The more you try to do in this field, the less likely you are to build a career. I just hope I can keep enough of my adolescent spirit going and not give in."

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Brand K "tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
Brand S "tar" 19 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.
*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Some people say we must reach "zero" pollution.

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Depending upon how far regulatory agencies go in stringent interpretation of the present laws and regulations, we may be faced with spending hundreds of millions more to try to

remove the last traces of pollution. We do not think that this would be money well spent.

Attempting to remove the last increment of pollution involves new and uncertain technology. The attempt will consume a considerable amount of scarce energy and natural resources. And, in many cases, it will merely transfer pollution problems to the power companies or chemical manufacturers.

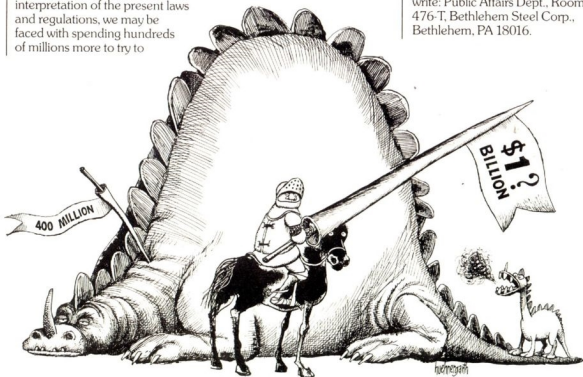
Is it time for a rearrangement of priorities?

We are faced as a nation with troublesome alternatives. Do we

continue our headlong rush to implement some of the air and water clean-up standards that have yet to be proved necessary — or even sound — or shall we give equal consideration to jobs, our energy requirements, capital needs, and other demands for social priorities?

We believe the national interest now requires that we face up to the dual necessity of preserving our environment while at the same time assuring our economic progress.

Our booklet, "Steelmaking and the Environment," tells more about the problems of pollution and what we're doing to help solve them. For a free copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-T, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



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ENERGY

Back on a Dangerous Binge

Shortly before President Ford's nomination in Kansas City last week, his Democratic rival Jimmy Carter met with advisers in Plains, Ga., to discuss what U.S. energy policy should be. After four hours of talks, Carter emerged to report a consensus: the nation still lacks a "comprehensive, long-range, understandable energy policy." Though that is a charge that few Republicans could or would dispute, energy probably will not be much of an issue in the coming campaign. In the 33 months since the shock of the 1973 Arab oil embargo, public concern about that issue has slid from white-hot worry to detached interest to what now seems to be near total apathy. A recent Gallup poll indicates that only 2% of the voting population regards energy as the most pressing national problem, above such other matters as cost of living, drug abuse and moral decline. Indeed, energy is only briefly mentioned in the two parties' campaign platforms.

That is a sweeping change from the near panic of late 1973 and early 1974, when motorists were lining up at fuel-short gasoline stations, many American towns were extinguishing Christmas lights to conserve electricity, and a new Washington energy bureaucracy was drafting a program to encourage conservation and the development of domestic fuel sources so as to eliminate dependence on oil from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries by 1985. Today, Project Independence is largely dead; federal energy analysts concede that there is no way for the U.S. to become totally independent of foreign oil.

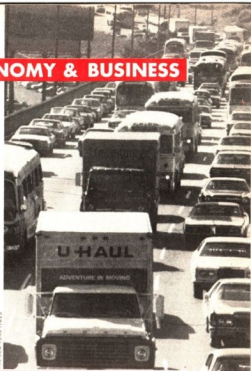
Increased Dependence. In fact, the U.S. has become much more deeply hooked on imported crude, and the trend appears unlikely to be reversed. Imported oil presently supplies an astonishing 41% of U.S. needs, *v.* 29% before the embargo. And because Canada and Venezuela have been cutting down on oil exports, almost all of the recent increase in U.S. needs has been supplied by Arab countries; their shipments to the U.S. have doubled in the past year and now account for more than 12% of American consumption.

How did it happen? The cause of the renewed U.S. oil binge is the eco-

nomie recovery combined with a reckless return of American extravagance when it comes to energy. Even before the vacation rush began this year, motorists were using about as much gasoline as they had been in 1972, before the recession and the quintupling of foreign oil prices that drove the cost of gas to 60¢ or 70¢ per gal. at the pump (*see chart*).

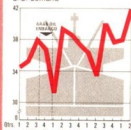
The use of electricity has surged too. Some utility men even fear that generating capacity may be strained as the economic pickup proceeds, bringing back the brownouts and occasional blackouts of the early 1970s.

In dollar terms, the renewed energy



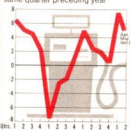
Oil Imports

% of total U.S. demand



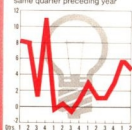
Gasoline Consumption

% increase in gallons over same quarter preceding year



Electric Power Use

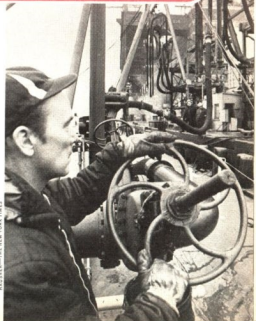
% increase in Kw-h over same quarter preceding year



binge will be costly. The bill for oil imports will rise from last year's \$27 billion to \$35 billion this year. The U.S. economy will pay for this increase partly in a transfer of assets to OPEC countries and partly in a loss of some of its consumer spending power needed to continue the recovery (*see following story*).

These and other unhappy effects of the U.S. energy bind continue partly because of policy dithering in Washington. For all the continued lip service to Project Independence, domestic oil production is actually sagging. Although more wells are expected to be drilled this year than last (41,800, *v.* 39,097), production is expected to be off 3.3%, continuing a long, slow slide that began in 1971. The slide is expected to extend into 1978, when Alaskan oil will begin flowing.

U.S. energy policy at present is best characterized as "wait and hope." It emerged almost by default last year when the Democratic Congress, after



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

two years of debate, decided against the so-called market approach—that is, a quick end to controls on domestic oil prices, which would allow them to run up to world levels, thereby reducing consumption and encouraging more oil exploration. Instead, Congress—and later the Ford Administration—adopted a “gradualist” approach. Embodied in the energy act passed last year, it essentially maintains oil price controls through 1978, allowing U.S. oil to rise from its controlled level of about \$7.50 per bbl. (compared with the current world price of about \$13) only in small annual jumps. Critics charge that this pace is too sedate to discourage consumption or spur production significantly, considering the enormous costs and risks involved. A current example: last week, in the first auction of East Coast offshore drilling rights, oil companies bid \$1.14 billion for leases on 154 undersea tracts off New Jersey and New York from which oil will not begin flowing—if indeed much is found—until 1981.

Slow Alternatives. At the same time, development of alternative fuel sources seems to be moving very slowly. Nuclear plants now generate about 9% of the nation's electric power, up from 4.5% in 1973. But coal, despite a drive to convert oil- and gas-fired plants to it, still supplies well under 50% of the country's electricity needs. Other energy sources—solar power, shale oil—remain drawing-board daydreams. By contrast, the Japanese, who are much more dependent on foreign oil than the U.S. is, have sharply stepped up work on such alternatives as nuclear power (twelve plants in operation, eleven under construction, five more in the blueprint stage) and geothermal power (several pilot operations now under way).

No one in Washington any longer talks seriously of “breaking” the OPEC oil cartel. Indeed, all indications are that the recession-induced world oil glut is shrinking and that the industrial countries will be stepping up their orders from OPEC over the next two years. The U.S. has counted on its carefully nurtured relationship with Saudi Arabia—the pivotal OPEC country because it has the most oil—to keep price rises reasonable. At Saudi insistence, the OPEC members did not increase oil costs during their last price jamboree, in May. But OPEC may decide that the recovery is healthy enough in the industrial countries to permit a flat increase of 10% or even more in the fall.

Last week Indonesian Oil Minister Mohamed Sadli said the price of oil “must go up sooner or later according to the rate of world inflation.” Saudi Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani has said he opposes a big price jump, but notes ominously that “some people want a fantastic increase.” And with the industrial countries more dependent upon their oil than ever, those people may well have the muscle to get it.

THE RECOVERY

Slower, But on Track

In a textbook recovery, it is usually the valiant consumer, checkbook and shopping bags in hand, who spends the way back to economic health, with industry dutifully tagging along behind. So it has been with the present post-recession recovery, at least until recently. In July, according to the Commerce Department, retail sales fell 1.2%, continuing a softening that began to appear in April. Industrial production rose by a scant .2% last month, the smallest increase in nine months. At the same time, the Consumer Price Index, the nation's principal barometer of inflation, rose .5% in July, which translates into an annual rate of 6.2%—the same as in June.

That rate was about as expected, reflecting mainly higher prices for gasoline, clothing, used cars and some other items. For the year ending in July, the C.P.I. rose only 5.4%—the smallest twelve-month increase since the days of wage and price controls in 1972 and early 1973. Most of that 5.4% rise was traceable to higher energy costs and the rising price of medical care; happily, the cost of food grew only 2% in the past year.

No Blood. In any case, a 5% or 6% inflation rate is consistent with the projections of both liberal and conservative economists for this stage in the recovery. “It just doesn't get your blood pressure up,” says Washington University's Murray Weidenbaum, a member of TIME Board of Economists. Higher wholesale prices, in fact, often point to renewed industrial demand for key materials. U.S. Steel spokesmen say that the company's decision earlier this month to raise the price of sheet and



“Would you like that in 10s,”

strip products by 4.5% indicated, in part, its faith that steel users were prospering and could afford a higher price.

There is little indication that consumers are beginning to get jittery about prices again. “Disposable income is still very disposable,” says Franklin Simon, president of Filene's department store in Boston. Some more numbers out of Washington support that view: the Commerce Department announced last week that the aggregate personal income of Americans rose 1% in July, largely because wages had grown more than expected. And when paychecks swell, those lines at the check-out counter are quick to grow too.

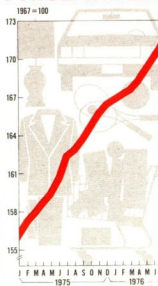
WALL STREET

Banks As Brokers

Reforms have largely abolished the “private club” nature of Wall Street's brokerage community and made it far less important than it once was. Last December, for example, the Securities and Exchange Commission threw out the New York Stock Exchange's Rule 394, which had effectively limited competition by requiring that most stock transactions take place on the Big Board's floor. Now brokers face another threat to their exclusivity: competition from banks in the business of buying and selling stocks.

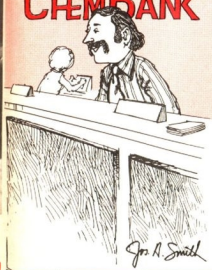
Soon New York's Chemical Bank, the nation's sixth largest (assets: \$23.9 billion), is expected to announce a plan that will enable checking-account customers to buy or sell stocks at bank order desks at commission rates far beneath those charged to the typical small investor by most Wall Street brokers. For a commission of about \$35, Chemical's customers would be able to buy or sell up to 500 shares of any stock, with the rate rising to \$60 for 1,000-

CONSUMER PRICE INDEX



TIME Chart: The Champion by

CHEMBANK



20s or shares of A T & T?"

share orders. Thus the commission for buying 100 shares of AT&T at, say, \$60 per share would be \$35, compared with about \$80 at most large brokers. Even allowing for the commission discounts of up to 20% that major brokers sometimes offer their best customers, Chemical's charge would be very low. On cheaper stocks, Chemical's rate would not be much different from the going Wall Street commission for 100-share lots, but savings could be considerable in the 300- to 400-share range.

Chemical will offer brokerage on an "unbundled" basis, meaning that extra fees will be charged for safekeeping of stock certificates and research—services that brokers offer "free" as part of their commission charges. In addition, Chemical's customers would pay \$30 or \$35 annually as a kind of membership fee to trade stocks through the bank.

Direct Assault. Initially, Chemical plans to retail stock at only half a dozen of the bank's 259 branches in the New York area. In the end, whatever business the bank generates will go to regular brokerage houses anyway. By law, banks cannot buy or sell stocks for their own accounts; all they can do is act on behalf of customers. The bank will channel orders to a Wall Street broker—presumably a deep discounteer willing to work for Chemical's rock-bottom prices, with the bank sharing some of the bookkeeping costs.

Nonetheless, brokers do worry about Chemical's move. They see it as a direct assault on the Street's retail commission price structure, which was set up for the average investor. Big institutional investors—banks, life insurance companies, pension funds—have long received the benefits of negotiated commissions, and the SEC more than a year ago abolished what few vestiges there were of the old fixed-commission system. But the typical small investor, lacking the muscle of large institutions, re-

ceived no such break on commissions and in many cases pays even more to buy or sell stock today than before fixed rates were scrapped. W. Perry Neff, a Chemical executive vice president, says the plan would provide "the benefit of a commercial bank's ability to command substantially more attractive commission rates on small transactions than the individual investor could generally hope to achieve on his own."

Some brokers argue that Chemical's commissions are unrealistically low and that the bank will eventually be forced either to raise rates or get out of the retail stock-trading business. Others charge that the bank plans to use the service as a loss leader to attract depositors or, of even more concern, as a wedge to get back into the investment-banking business, from which all banks have been banned since the passage of the Glass-Steagall Act of 1933. Some reformers have argued for revision of that law to allow the creation of "financial supermarkets" that would perform every service from commercial banking to stock underwriting. Chemical could go on selling stock, for instance, but Merrill Lynch, the nation's largest stockbroker, would also be free to buy a bank. Presumably, it would not be Chemical.

LEISURE

Holidays on the Cheap

Two weeks at a luxury vacation condominium or resort at 50% below regular rates every year until 2016? Sounds like the grand prize behind the sequined curtain on some TV game show. Actually, it is a fairly typical example of the kind of arrangement available through a holiday-financing gimmick called time-sharing that is stirring interest among budget-minded vacationers.

Under time-sharing plans, participants pay anywhere from \$800 to \$8,000 for bargain-rate accommodations in a

certain condominium or vacation resort for a given number of weeks in a particular season each year, usually for at least twelve years and in some cases indefinitely. In exchange for guaranteed occupancy over an extended period, time-sharing resorts offer low prices, luxury suites usually equipped with kitchens, and discounts on the use of entertainment facilities.

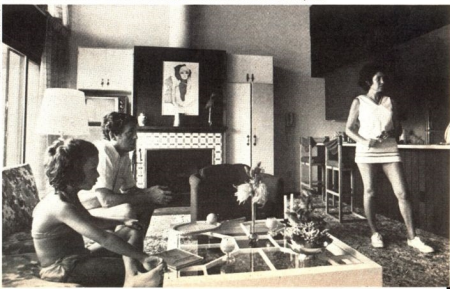
Hard Hit. The idea originated in Europe in the mid-'60s; in the Western Hemisphere, the number of time-sharing resorts has increased from four to 90 in the past four years, and they now range geographically from condominiums in Hawaii to ski resorts in the Rockies and hotels in Puerto Rico.

Resort operators most likely to benefit from time-sharing are those who have been hard hit by the recession, especially condominium developers. In the past ten years, vacation condominiums have doubled in price, and rates at many resorts have increased by 80% or more. Though occupancy rates in the resort industry as a whole have been rising lately, they remain low in many places, which means that costly facilities are not always in full use. Says Tom Perine, president of Vacation Planning Inc. of Richmond, Ill., the largest time-sharing promoter in the U.S.: "Time-sharing in the computer industry was the only cost-effective way to utilize superexpensive equipment. We are bringing that concept to resorts."

Perine's first time-sharing resort was a luxury campsite near Palm Springs, Calif.; by now, 2,500 customers have paid \$9 million for camping site shares, giving them 45 days annually for 99 years. A Perine-organized time-sharing program at the 1,400-acre Playboy Resort & Country Club in Lake Geneva, Wis., is also beginning to pay off: the financially troubled resort will begin its winter season with the highest occupancy rate in its eight-year history.

For shareowners, a time-sharing vacation can offer the advantages of a va-

FAMILY IN TIME-SHARING TOWN HOUSE AT PLAYBOY RESORT IN LAKE GENEVA, WIS.



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

cation home without the large initial investment or steady upkeep. At the Playboy resort, for example, Larry Leven, a \$35,000-a-year Chicago insurance executive, and his family recently spent a week in a condominium that normally costs \$135 a day. As owners of a 40-year, \$7,050 share at the resort, they only paid an \$18 per diem charge.

In spite of its apparent advantages, the sharing idea is one whose time has not entirely come. Some companies view the concept with caution: Western International Hotels, a subsidiary along with United Airlines of U.A.L., Inc. has looked into the concept and decided to bide, rather than share its time. "The idea is new and needs testing in the marketplace," says Western Director of Development Tom Ohrbeck. And then there is the problem of the investment itself. Under the better time-sharing plans, shareholders are guaranteed use of the property no matter what happens to the resort. What the plans do not guarantee, of course, is that a bankrupt hotel would be a fun place to spend the next 40 or so vacations.

SERVICES

Making Crime Pay

Whatever it has been doing for criminals, the nation's rising crime rate has been paying off handsomely for one burgeoning industry: private security firms. This year businessmen and other crime-prone customers will spend a total of \$6.6 billion on private guards, up 46% in five years. Already, the large and small companies in the security business have a total of 800,000 people in uniform, compared with fewer than 450,000 state and local police in the U.S. Says Neal Holmes, head of Pittsburgh-based Allied Security: "There's only one business better than ours, and that's crime. As long as it flourishes, we flourish."

Among the flourishers have been the industry's established leaders. At Pinkerton's, Inc., whose 108 offices across the U.S. and Canada and 36,000 guards make it No. 1 in the field, revenues grew from \$175 million in 1973 to \$200 million last year. At the No. 2 firm, Burns International, which provided the red and blue-uniformed guards on duty last week at the Republican Convention in Kansas City, revenues reached \$181 million last year, up 18% since 1973. But demand for security services is such that many local firms have been able to find room to grow among the biggies. For instance, Allied Security, launched in 1957 by a former Army criminal investigator and an ex-counterintelligence agent, now employs 2,450 guards and last year earned \$803,000 on revenues of almost \$9 million. In the Detroit area, Titan Security Services had eight employees and a weekly payroll of about \$745 when it was founded in 1972; today the company has about 400 full- and part-time

guards and pays out weekly paychecks totaling \$45,000.

Part of the reason for the boom is the lingering effects of the 1974-75 recession, which has forced curbs in spending on police at a time of increasing crime. In addition, insurance companies have become much more prickly about requiring commercial customers to take security measures—especially the hiring of uniformed guards—before giving them coverage. Security agencies report a surge of business from motels and hotels since July, when a jury ordered Howard Johnson's to pay Singer Connie Francis \$2.5 million in damages because she had been raped in a motel room that had an inadequate lock on a door.

As their frequently elaborate uniforms suggest, private guards essentially function like scarecrows in a field: by their mere presence they act as deterrents to would-be criminals. They may carry guns (if they are licensed to do so), as well as nightsticks, but they have no police powers other than the right to make citizen's arrests.

Shifting Liability. Yet employers prefer to assign agency guards instead of their own staffers to security duty for two reasons. One is cost: while a firm might have to pay one of its own employees \$8 to \$10 an hour, including benefits, to stand guard, a security agency will do the job for about \$5 an hour, paying the guard \$2.50 to \$3.50. With agency guards on the job, companies avoid costly liability problems. Explains Howard Chapman, vice president of Intel Security Systems in Los Angeles: "Let's take the example of a store with shoplifting problems. If it hires a security company and the company's guard makes a false arrest, then the liability may become that of the security company."

Security firms find that this selling point is becoming increasingly expensive to them. At Allied Security, the cost of liability-insurance premiums, which used to amount to 10¢ for every \$100 the company paid in guard wages, has risen to \$6 per \$100 of payroll.

At present, guard instruction typically ranges from barely adequate at larger firms to none at all at some small-

er ones. Too often, says a Los Angeles County sheriff's official, "a man is hired off the street. He is given a gun, paid sometimes only \$2.50 an hour—and he's a guard. It's frightening." Some states have tightened licensing requirements; Pennsylvania, for example, demands 75 hours of training before a private guard can carry a gun.

While short on professionalism in many cases, the security firms are quick to mine new markets for their services. Hottest growth area at present: executive protection. By some official measures, businessmen are fading as targets of violence in the U.S.* Yet security companies report rising demand for providing top corporate officers with bodyguards and teaching executives how to avoid kidnapers and extortioners.

A few firms offer short courses in personal security. One recently founded outfit, the Institute for Systematic Security Strategies in Germantown, Md., offers courses lasting several days in such fields as "protective driving" and electronic surveillance. Even junior colleges are getting into the act. Many have started teaching security services on the assumption that at least in this field graduates can always be assured of finding a decent job.

*According to the FBI, bombings of commercial buildings peaked at 485 incidents in 1975 and totaled "only" 173 in the first half of 1976. "Federal hostage cases," generally meaning kidnappings, bomb scares, and extortion attempts against businessmen or members of their families, reached about 40 in 1974, fell to about 16 last year and totaled only six in the first five months of 1976.

CHECKING SKYLIGHTS IN CHICAGO FACTORY



SECURITY GUARD CHECKS CARS IN MIAMI



Sermonets and Stoicism

NOT SO WILD A DREAM

by ERIC SEVAREID

522 pages. Atheneum. \$12.50.

In television, last impressions are all. For a dozen years now Eric Sevareid, 63, has been the Dr. Johnson of the two-minute essay on the CBS *Evening News*. With his "somewhat forbidding Scandinavian manner" (as he has described it) and "a restraint that spells stuffiness to a lot of people," he has delivered so many thousand editorials, sermonets and sit-down comedy routines that the unkind younger generation has begun to refer to him as Eric Everyside.

Not So Wild a Dream proves that this ironic network Polonius was verifiably young once, a hard-edged radical and a complete stranger to the pundit's chair. First published 30 years ago, Sevareid's precocious autobiography was then compared with *The Education of Henry Adams*. It wound up around fifth on the bestseller charts, making the New York Times 1946 list of "Ten Best Books of the Year." Three decades later, young Sevareid's memoir does not seem quite in the Adams class. Yet it remains an important book with a new kind of timelessness. *Not So Wild a Dream* can stand on its own as an intelligent, eloquent accounting of a generation that had to survive the Depression and World War II in order to reach maturity—and then took a long, deep breath because the worst simply had to be behind. Didn't it? The book is also the curiously touching will and testament of a last liberal, predicated on hopes for that 1940s happy ending, a better world, but steadily haunted by intuitions that this was not to be.

From the start, both his times and his temperament have cast shadows across Sevareid, the all-American believer in simple faiths, decent instincts and great men. A cosmopolite from Velva (pop. 1,241), N. Dak., he was born into a bleak prairie universe whose "skyline offered nothing to soothe the senses." The grandson of a Norwegian immigrant, he inherited the official optimism of a pioneer, but also the matchless pessimism of an old-fashioned Lutheran. His father had to move the family to Minneapolis when the bank he worked for went broke during the droughts of the late 1920s.

Concentrated Misery. Odysseys and exiles—melancholy rather than exuberant—are the motifs of this book. At the age of 17, Sevareid and a high school friend traveled the 2,200 miles from the Mississippi River to Hudson's Bay in a secondhand 18-ft. canoe to prove that two red-blooded American boys could connect the waters of the Gulf of Mex-

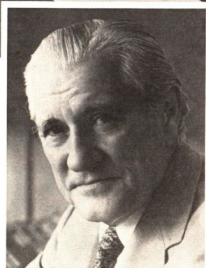
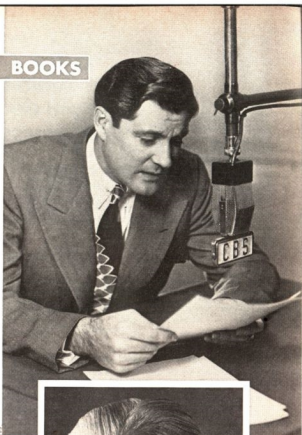
ico to the North Atlantic. As Sevareid remembered it 15 years later, the expedition was "sheer, concentrated misery." For years afterward, "a visit to the woods produced a moment of nausea."

A summer as an amateur gold miner in the High Sierras of Northern California produced more muscles, more sober thoughts and a net profit of 80¢. The next stop on his pilgrimage, college, was less of an ordeal. Still, despite his being a leading campus socialist at the University of Minnesota—a protester against the ROTC, a spark of the Jacobin Club and a charter member of the "first American student movement"—Sevareid could write a dozen years later: "I remember only struggle ... emotional exhaustion."

The Minneapolis *Star* paid him \$100 for a saga of the canoe trip, but that not-so-easy money only got him into the rapids of journalism. By the time he was 26, the boy from North Dakota was a proper exile in France, working for the *Paris Tribune* by day and the *United Press* by night. Edward R. Murrow rescued him from that predicament, recruiting him for CBS radio. But nobody could rescue him from the disaster he and the world had been moving toward from the time he was born. "My generation," the 32-year-old Sevareid summed up, "lived in preparation for nothing except this war."

Head-Hunters. As a radio correspondent—a member of a new breed of "I-am-there" journalists—Sevareid survived the bombing of London, the Anzio campaign, the landing in France and a plane crash in the mountains of India that left him living with the Nagas, a tribe of head-hunters of whom he became inordinately fond. By all standards, Sevareid was a brave and conscientious chronicler, cramming into four or five years enough action for a lifetime. Not only did he get to know Franklin D. Roosevelt, but he made it his job to dine with the Maquis and to camp with the partisans of Marshal Tito.

It seems characteristic of Sevareid that despite this wartime record, he should condemn himself for not having served as a soldier. He also condemned himself for failing in a first marriage hopelessly handicapped by his wife's mental illness. Nor can he, apparently, forgive himself for not being another Edward R. Murrow. Somewhere within Sevareid a puritan perfectionist sits in judgment mocking all his affirmations.



CORRESPONDENT ERIC SEVAREID CIRCA 1946
& (INSET) THE COMMENTATOR TODAY

"One becomes a 'moderate,'" he writes in his new introduction. But the man who faces the camera is a stoic not satisfied with stoicism. He had the sense of humor to understand 30 years ago better than his critics today that he often sounds like "the ideology boy who sees all, knows all, and don't say nuthin'"—"the com-men-ta-tor!" Yet he also understands that the American dreamer, for all his odysseys and exiles, for all his tired knowledge, cannot give up on the American dream even if the American dream gives up on him. To play a skeptic cursed with hope—this, as every Sevareid watcher knows, is the role he will be comically and heroically stuck with until the last camera blinks off.

Melvin Maddocks

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From Innocence To Knowledge

VOICES OF THE CIVIL WAR
by RICHARD WHEELER
492 pages, Crowell, \$14.95.

The war began in cavalier fantasy, an almost adolescent innocence. A crowd in upstate New York sang its husbands and sons off to battle: "It is sweet, it is sweet for one's country to die!" Congressmen brought carriages of champagne to the first Battle of Bull Run. But, in the siege caves of Vicksburg and the trenches of Cold Harbor, Americans were spectacularly shorn of innocence. Excerpts from their writings over those four years, skillfully linked together in this book, not only tell the story of the war but reflect the profound change—the first enameled images of war dissolving like the pomade on the hair of a cavalry officer lying wounded in the sun for days.

The second Battle of Bull Run evoked an austere and wistfully beautiful line from a Southern lieutenant, John Hampden Chamberlayne: "When the sun went down, their dead were heaped in front of the incomplete railroad; and we sighed with relief, for Longstreet could be seen coming into position on our right... But the sun went down so slowly." In many of these letters, diaries and histories, the mostly forgotten writers manage a note combining poetry and stunned realism. A Union soldier in the Wilderness campaign found a field bird's speckled eggs nestled in a skull left over from the earlier Battle of Chancellorsville and wrote in a spasm of metaphysics: "Life in embryo in the skull of death!"

Toy Sailboats. As the war went on, the prose hardened. A Confederate assigned to a burial detail rummaged through the clothes of Yankee corpses for food: "I have been so hungry that I have cut the blood off from crackers and eaten them." The dead and dying lay between the lines sometimes for days before they could be tended or buried. A Northern officer looked out on the battleground at Spotsylvania's "Bloody Angle" and reported: "Below the mass of fast-decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs and writhing of bodies showed that there were wounded men still alive and struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid entombment." Burial parties stuffed their nostrils with green leaves. Outside the field hospitals rose mounds of amputated limbs.

Yet a weirdly boyish note persisted. In winter quarters at Fredericksburg, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia put on a monumental snowball fight, entire brigades participating, led by their officers. Pickets from both sides sent toy sailboats across the Rappahannock to one another, loaded with newspapers, coffee, tobacco and sugar. A Confeder-

ate forage party in Maryland filled its canteens with fresh well water, then poured that out and replaced it with fresh milk found in a spring house, then found fresh cider—to replace the milk—and finally poured out the cider, refilling the canteens from a keg of apple brandy that the men happened upon.

Civil War writing is often both stylish and horribly pained. Confederate General John B. Gordon surveyed the assembled pageantry of Antietam and wrote: "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty. But Mars is not an aesthetic god." Just after that reflection, Gordon was shot five times, in the leg, shoulder and face. He fell and lay drowning in the blood collecting in his cap, but another bullet through his cap supplied a drain, and saved him.

Lance Morrow

The Two Sisters

THE EASTER PARADE

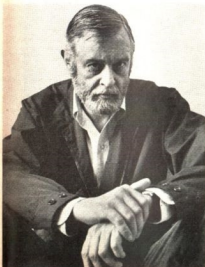
by RICHARD YATES

229 pages, Delacorte, \$7.95.

Marital dry rot in suburbia. A clinging mama and her growing-up boy. An alcoholic advertising salesman in search of himself. These are three of the whitest elephants in the attic of contemporary fiction—and Author Richard Yates, 50, has devoted a tight, pellucid novel to each one. An odd but not inconsiderable literary achievement, particularly in an age so helplessly smitten with the new. Yates' work brands him as a traditionalist in the strictest sense: he is a writer who feels dutybound to tell familiar stories in conventional ways.

It is not surprising, then, that *The Easter Parade* picks up a subject that is already senile through overuse: unfilled women, married and single. Yates briskly traces some 40 years in the lives of two sisters, Sarah and Emily Grimes. When their parents are divorced, the little girls grieve over the loss of their loving, ineffectual father. Neither one has much luck with men after that. Sarah eventually marries a habitual wife-beat-

NOVELIST RICHARD YATES



er (because, in 1941, he looks "just like Laurence Olivier") and stoically takes her lumps for two decades. Emily wins a college scholarship, is briefly married to an impotent philosophy professor and then goes through several New York City careers (publishing, advertising, etc.) and a long line of lovers. When the last one leaves her, she wakes up to what her face in the mirror reveals: "a middle-aged woman in hopeless and terrible need."

Yates can make reading about hum-drum pathos—the slow smashup of befuddled lives—involving and even gripping. He knows how to pace his material for maximum interest—when to summarize, when to show a scene in full. The dialogue is artful enough to sound natural. In his descriptive prose every word works quietly to inspire the illusion that things are happening by themselves. Even Emily's walk-on lovers are able to stand—as characters—on their own two legs.

Many readers now expect their slice of life to be served up with a side order of irony or existential razzmatazz. They will not find it in *The Easter Parade*. Yates does not condescend to his heroines; he refuses to strike attitudes about their failures or mock their limitations. "I'm almost 50 years old," Emily says at the end, "and I've never understood anything in my whole life." Why not? The author, naturalistically, does not explain what Emily cannot understand, but the answer is manifest on every page of the novel. The thing gone wrong in the Grimes sisters' lives is life itself.

Paul Gray

Magic Molehill?

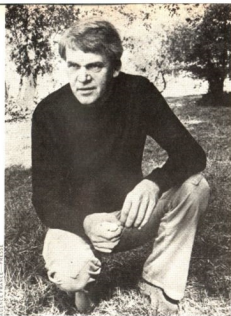
THE FAREWELL PARTY

by MILAN KUNDERA

209 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

A writer must know how to start a fight. A good writer must know how to finish one. Czechoslovakia's Milan Kundera is a good writer, but like so many other dissident artists in Communist countries, the fights he starts in his satiric novels and stories are lost battles at the outset. In *The Joke*, *Life Is Elsewhere* and *Laughable Loves*, Kundera attempted to shift the combat to that more neutral ground known as the human comedy. Even so, he never really escapes the sadness and bitterness of recent Czech history.

The problem of the self and the state, of the self and others, lies at the heart of *The Farewell Party*. The novel's setting is a government health spa in an unnamed Eastern European socialist country. The spa caters to women who have fertility problems. A young nurse named Ruzena has no such difficulties. Only one time in bed with a famous touring trumpeter named Klima is enough to leave her pregnant. Klima has all but forgotten Ruzena when she calls some months later with



CZECH AUTHOR MILAN KUNDERA

Behind the ironic curtain.

the news. He returns to the fertility spa to try to convince her that she should have an abortion.

As in much Russian and Eastern European satire, an ironic curtain has descended with an unmistakable clang. But there are quieter ironies as well. They deal with human limitations, and the all too human ability to invent illusions that disguise those limitations. For example, there is brilliant Dr. Skreta, head of the spa, a slightly mad scientist who practices personal eugenics by inseminating unwitting patients with his own sperm. A rich American expatriot named Bartleff dispenses fistfuls of U.S. half dollars while preaching a Christianity of joy in which saintly asceticism is practiced out of sheer lust for adulation. Kundera also introduces a character named Jakub, a former political prisoner who believes that the only true freedom in his country is the freedom to commit suicide. To remind himself of this pathetic option, he keeps a poisoned pill with him at all times.

Lethal Dose. Chekhov's dictum about never showing a gun in the first act unless it is used in the third applies to poisoned pills as well. Jakub's lethal dose leads to a death that cries out to be interpreted as either an accidental murder or a murderous accident. Playing existentialist detective, Kundera shows how all the major characters are implicated. But despite some amusing farcical turns, the verdict is heavily weighted toward a formulation that amounts to a facile existential cop-out: we are all murderers.

The novel's bright comic surfaces compensate for its lack of depth. But not enough. With its clinical setting and the circle of didactic characters intended to illustrate moral predicaments, *The Farewell Party* finally seems like a molehill version of *The Magic Mountain*.

R. Z. Sheppard



JOHN WAYNE IN THE SHOOTIST

Dying in the Saddle

THE SHOOTIST

Directed by DON SIEGEL

Screenplay by MILES HOOD SWARTHOUT
and SCOTT HALE

John Wayne, moving slow and seeming winded, appears here as one John Bernard Books, last of a breed. Books is a fast-draw artist, a gunslinger or, as the movie's title phrases it, a shootist. He has dispatched some 30 men over the course of a long career that is coming to a painful close just as *The Shootist* begins. J.B. Books comes riding into Carson City, gets examined by his friend Dr. Hosteller (James Stewart), and hears what he feared: he has cancer, and a few days to live.

There is a little shooting in *The Shootist*, to be sure, including the sort of climactic saloon gun-down that is not only predictable but practically required by law. The movie is stately, even funereal, as it details the last week of J.B.'s life. Director Don Siegel excels at turning out saw-toothed melodramas (*Dirty Harry*), and likes to play along the grim edge where sullen threat turns to quick, obliterating violence. Not even in *The Beguiled*—a harrowingly beautiful gothic tale—has Siegel gone so far away from what is familiar to him.

The Shootist is deliberately low-keyed and sometimes affecting. But it is hampered by a sentimental, overwrought script and, finally, by its own reserve. The movie keeps the rigid bearing of a kid trying to sit still at a wake.

Besides the welcome participation of Stewart, *The Shootist* features Lauren Bacall, Richard Boone, Scatman Crothers, John Carradine and Ron Howard, of *American Graffiti*, whose youthful presence must have helped ease the insurance premiums on the cast. Wayne,

of course, is the honcho, and he performs well, although he must have been a little discomfited at having to play the lead in his own eulogy. Siegel starts *The Shootist* off with film clips to show Books in action over the years. The scenes, of course, are from previous Wayne vehicles. Some are of rather recent vintage, others antique, but they pertain much more directly to the star himself than to the character he is playing. Also, it is common knowledge that Wayne had his own bout with cancer—his testament that "I licked the Big C with the love of God and a lot of guts" is as well known as any line from his movies—and *The Shootist* trades on this fact. Besides, all the sober, rueful honor laid on here is premature. Let us hope it stays that way for a long time.

Jay Cocks

Bubble Bath

THE RITZ

Directed by RICHARD LESTER

Screenplay by TERENCE McNALLY

Antic, frantic, mechanical but amusing anyhow, *The Ritz* is of particular interest because it is the first major movie about homosexuality that does not give a thought to redeeming social value. There is not a trace of seriousness in *The Ritz*. In both the traditional and contemporary meanings of the word, it is a gay movie.

A carefully programmed knock-about farce, *The Ritz* has been adapted with only slight modification from Terrence McNally's Broadway hit. The insanity centers around a small-time Italian businessman named Gaetano Proclo (Jack Weston). On the run from a mobster brother-in-law, Gaetano lies low in what he considers a suitably obscure hideout. The place even has a reassur-

ingly classy name—the Ritz. Gaetano is from Cleveland, so he can be forgiven his naïveté about the Manhattan demimonde. He suspects all is not well, however, when the Ritz turns out to be an elaborate bathhouse patronized exclusively by males. His darkest fears are confirmed when some of the patrons start winking at him, and one, Claude Perkins, launches repeated attacks from behind doorways and across corridors. Claude (Paul B. Price) is a "chubby chaser," and the ring of flesh hanging over Gaetano's belt is so thick he seems to be wearing an inner tube under his shirt. Claude is transported.

Visions of Glory. Like any formal bedroom comedy, *The Ritz* skims along on a plot that defies both good sense and synopsis. At no point is Gaetano's life or manhood entirely safe, and in battling to preserve both, he stumbles across deranged characters like Googie Gomez (Rita Moreno), a busted-down Puerto Rican entertainer with visions of Broadway glory. So far, success has kept well ahead of her. Googie's problem, mainly, is her accent, which is thick enough to weigh on a scale. In her lust for fame and fortune, Googie mistakes Gaetano for a big producer cruising the Ritz to have a little fun. She decides to reform him and become discovered in the process. He, on the other hand, seriously entertains the notion that she is a man.

One can never be sure of anyone at the Ritz—not Carmine Vespucci (Jerry Stiller), the homicidal brother-in-law, not even Vivian Proclo (Kaye Ballard), Gaetano's hysterical wife—but there is one thing certain: despite stiff competition from a very funny Jack Weston, Rita Moreno runs off with the movie, stashed under Googie's unconvincing wig. It is a combustible comic performance.

STILLER, MORENO, WESTON & BALLARD HAVE A SHOWDOWN IN THE RITZ



Like Moreno, almost everyone in the cast is a veteran of the original Broadway production. Richard Lester, who seems to work almost as fast as Googie Gomez talks (his last movie, *Robin and Marian*, was released in March), keeps the proceedings right on his customary sardonic course. Lester obeys the first law of this kind of farce, bestowing his sidelong misanthropy equally on straight characters and gays. **J.C.**

Sunken Galleon

SWASHBUCKLER

Directed by JAMES GOLDSTONE

Screenplay by JEFFERY BLOOM

The swashbuckler is essentially a lyric form. The pleasure lies in watching lithe and graceful men defeat villains whom wickedness has rendered ineffectually clumsy. What was fun about an Errol Flynn or a Douglas Fairbanks Sr. movie was not their inevitable triumph but the innumerable ways they found to demonstrate the true nature of their foes by making them trip over their own oversized feet.

Fighting Spirit. This new film, which dares to appropriate the generic word for its title, makes a bad miscalculation. It does not—be grateful for small favors—attempt to parody the ancient conventions of the pirate picture, but it does try to update them for modern audiences, which are supposed to have a taste for greater “realism” than those of 30 or 40 years ago.

Thus the tin-pot tyrant of the Caribbean island the buccaneers desire to free is shown to be a homosexual with decided S-M leanings. But psychopathology runs against the grain of a free, open form that numbers among its prime attractions the promise of not bothering to delve into such dark and irrelevant matters. Genevieve Bujold, as the high-spirited, high-born maiden with whom Robert Shaw, as the pirate leader, is naturally expected to carry on a fighting romance, is required to get into a duel with him. Presumably, that is something the athletic and liberated modern woman can identify with, but it is a silly business. Olivia de Havilland could prove her fighting spirit with a word or a glance and not suffer even the tiniest rip in her bodice. Poor Bujold, on the other hand, must come close to being stripped to the waist by Shaw’s rapier—a dishonorable dueling tactic that his gallant screen forebears would never have indulged in.

Worse than all this is the movie’s attempt to make the audience accept such heavy, not to say klutzy, actors as Shaw and James Earl Jones as light-leaping, far-darting heroes. They work earnestly at trying to dance on air, but the strain shows. All that can be said is that their clumsiness matches that of the film’s writing and direction. *Swashbuckler* sinks under its own weight like an overloaded galleon.

Richard Schickel



LUNCHTIME CUSTOMERS AT A MANHATTAN FROZEN YOGURT PARLOR

MODERN LIVING

Let Them Eat Yogurt

“Wall Street is frozen-yogurt city now,” says a beaming Richard Egan, executive vice president of Colombo yogurt. Indeed, any fair lunchtime brings out crowds of bankers and stockbrokers strolling about and licking 50¢ and 75¢ curl-topped frozen-yogurt cones. In midtown Manhattan, long queues snake around corners to the tiny frozen-yogurt parlors that seem to have sprung up everywhere. Washington too has dozens of stores selling the stuff as well as a cruising truck dispensing only frozen yogurt. “It’s ice cream without guilt. It’s magic,” says the hopeful proprietor of Yogurt Yogurt, an Alexandria, Va., shop opening this week. The magic began four years ago in Cambridge’s Harvard Square. There, in a hole in the wall called the Spa, William Silverman, a shrewd merchant, began selling the already popular cultured-milk product in a frozen version and soon attracted long lines of blue-jeaned teeny-boppers and J. Pressed Harvard men. The lines are still there. From the Spa, frozen yogurt leaptfrogged to Manhattan’s trendy Bloomingdale’s, and is now well on its way to the South and West.

To make the frozen product, yogurt and stabilizers, plus any of dozens of flavors, are mixed in soft-ice cream machines (sales of which have been running 35% ahead of last year). Ten minutes later, a thick, soft, creamy swirl appears. Since the different brands* of yogurt that go into the machine vary greatly, so do the creamy swirls. Certain bacteria known as *Lactobacillus bulgaricus* and *Streptococcus thermophilus* are essential to the yogurt culture, yet there is no federal standard for the bacterial count. If the yogurt is pasteurized, as it sometimes is, the bacteria are killed. Freezing inhibits their growth. The calorie content depends on whether the yogurt is made from skim milk

or whole milk and what kind of fruit and sweetening is added. “Yogurt is not like ketchup, which all tastes the same,” explains Edward Gelsthorpe, president of H.P. Hood dairy. “It can go all the way from a very tart, thick product to a sweet, mild, creamy product, to a drink or a solid.”

Frozen yogurt is actually just the latest ferment in the general yogurt boom. Exalted in ancient writings as the food of the gods, yogurt has become popular in the U.S. only in the past decade. In 1975 Americans ate 200,000 tons of it, nearly \$300 million worth—up from \$25 million in 1967.

Kesey and Cows. Jimmy Carter’s septuagenarian mother, Miss Lillian, takes it as an appetizer before every meal. Atlanta’s Mayor Maynard Jackson likes it for lunch. Author Ken Kesey raises his own cows in Oregon so he can control the yogurt making from start to finish.

Food faddists credit yogurt with nearly universal virtues. They say it prolongs life and improves the work of the digestive tract. (Dannon is preparing a TV commercial of 125-year-old Soviet Georgians eating yogurt.) Some women believe it makes an excellent douche and a fine face mask. Scientists make no such claims, although doctors do sometimes prescribe yogurt for patients taking antibiotics. The drugs indiscriminately destroy bacteria in the intestinal tract, and yogurt supposedly replaces them. Moreover, skim-milk yogurt is a good low-calorie source of protein, calcium and phosphorus.

To some very cultivated palates, however, yogurt’s main virtue is its taste. Gourmet Craig Claiborne says it is “a sensational ingredient for cooking.” Food Critic Gail Greene cautions that it cannot be compared with *foie gras*, or homemade butter-pecan ice cream. But she says that she breakfasts on yogurt “every disciplined morning,” adding, “yogurt is definitely a best friend—but not a lover.”

*Major manufacturers of frozen yogurt are Dannon, Hood and Colombo.



PRESIDENT PARKER IN 1972

The Unmaking of a President

Dear Darryl:

You still looking for a movie with a "real" woman's lead part? Well, if you are, I've got just what you're after. The heroine is a pretty feminist who becomes a college president at 29—with her husband working for her as an administrator. No book or script yet, but if you check this month's *Esquire*, it's all right there in Nora Ephron's piece called "The Bennington Affair," a wicked cross between Updike's *Couples* and McCarty's *The Groves of Academe*.

You probably remember that in 1972, Bennington College hired Gail Parker, an assistant professor of history and literature at Harvard, and her husband Tom (she at \$22,500, he at \$18,000) and then last January fired them. Ephron has filled in the details and provided a rare glimpse of the inner workings of a small elite college, with marvelous dialogue and excellent bit parts. As Ephron tells it, Bennington (600 students) is full of articulate, liberated eccentrics isolated in Vermont's Green Mountains. Sounds fun, huh?

Opening scene: the trustees are interviewing the Parkers in Artist Helen Frankenthaler's Manhattan digs. The Parkers are bemused by the Volvo station wagon in the middle of Frankenthaler's studio, virtually speechless, and slowly beginning to realize that Bennington is serious about them as can-



TOM PARKER (LEFT) & RUSH WELTER IN BENNINGTON THIS SUMMER

EDUCATION

didates. A month later, the couple is chosen and introduced to the students at commencement as "Gail and Tom." Scene fades as the commencement "speaker," a black jazz musician (obviously either sloshed or stoned) gets up to play a bass solo. Close-up of Gail: a look of amazement. "What have we done?" she asks herself.

The feisty faculty gives her a grace period. Said one teacher: "She had areas of what one would call, in a pinch, charm." But Parker becomes impatient with endless faculty meetings, such as five sessions to discuss whether or not to install a toilet in the watchman's booth. At Harvard, they typed her as basically hostile, "a female Menck-en." Her Cambridge curd speaking manner bugs the Bennington artsies; her demeanor comes across as aloof, cynical and supercilious. She says she wants to be "queen of the hop on a larger scale."

Enter Rush Welter, 52. A wiry, white-haired American civilization professor, Welter is, at first, Gail's chief opponent on the faculty. He puns about her in Old English, lamenting that "A summa is icumen in," but he is unimpressed with her scholarship, and he is furious at her for getting an affirmative action resolution to hire women passed. They confer often, he giving her a tutorial on the politics of the place; then their intellectual flirtation turns into an affair. They teach a course together. When the students read Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance*, Parker and Welter wear twin T-shirts, hers labeled ZENOBIA (the romantic feminist who kills herself), and his COVERDALE (the narrator). Nothing sneaky about their relationship. Hell, the whole school knows about it. All they have to do is walk past the Parkers' kitchen window to see Gail, Tom and Rush breakfasting together (exit your G rating). Tom, according to one trustee, is "mature" about it.

But the affair bothers other people, and this baffles Welter and Parker. As she remarks to Ephron: "What's ludicrous is that this happened in a community that prides itself on sexual immorality. They can't understand there

might be moral adultery." Rush's explanation is that the faculty is so accustomed to having affairs with students that they "are not able to understand a nonexploitative relationship."

Feminist Professor Camille Paglia has another theory. "At Bennington, you can do it with dogs and no one cares," she says. "But there was a feeling that educational policy was being made in the boudoir." When in 1975 it comes time to confront some serious educational problems, like an overtenured faculty, Gail, at the trustees' urging, forms a futures committee, and Rush Welter is on it. She knows she has little other support. As she gamely tells the trustees, "I'm going to have to cash in my chips to do this." She is right. The report, which, among other things, recommended that twelve teaching positions be cut and that all students should major in two fields, totally alienates the faculty.

The trustees back Gail. Soon, though, they look into the grievances that have accumulated. Gail and Tom are forced out, and she, gallantly, tells the Bennington *Banner*: "This is not the culmination but the beginning of our careers."

What do you say, Darryl? Genevieve Bujold?

Your trusty scout,
Robert

P.S. So far the Parkers' new careers are not dramatic: he is an educational fund raiser in Chicago, and she is a freelance writer. She talked with a *TIME* correspondent friend of mine last week about Ephron's article, found it disturbing that "it makes Bennington College look like a place where no one tries to address any issues, where life is dedicated to gossip." But Parker has an article of her own in this month's *Atlantic*, which is also critical of the "incestuous viciousness" of academic life. She rails against the Bennington faculty for insisting on being included in the decision-making process, only to paralyze it with empty debate. You might find it instructive to read her piece alongside Ephron's. Two cuts of the same reality, etc.

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